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SHOWERS OF BLESSING:

A COLLECTION OF

HYMNS NEW AND OLD.

EDITORS:

JNO. R. SWENEY AND WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

"There shall be showers of blessing."
—Ezekiel xxxiv. 26.

PHILADELPHIA:

Published by JOHN J. HOOD, 1018 Arch St.

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PREFAGE.

NEW collection of sacred music to be generally acceptable must present a goodly number of original compositions. Showers of Blessing has over one hundred such. But as no good meeting will confine itself to the use of new music neither should a good hymn book omit the old and tried friends. An adaquate supply of the hymns in daily use may be found at end of book.

Almost without exception the appropriate music accompanies each hymn. The advantage of this plan will be appreciated by organists and leaders.

To meet the wants of Sunday-schools adopting this work a number of pieces for Anniversary and Special occasions are inserted.

That the heavenly Showers of Blessing may accompany our work as it goes forth to its field of usefulness is the prayer of

THE EDITORS.

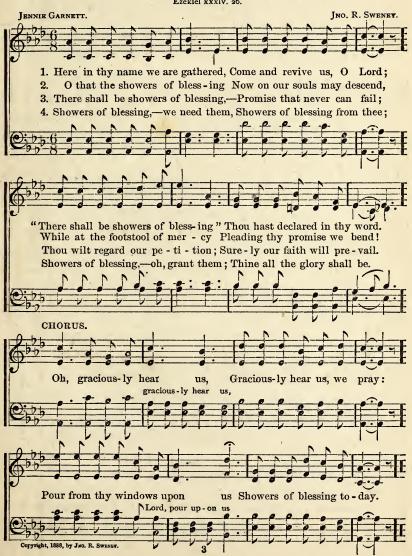
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SHOWERS OF BLESSING.

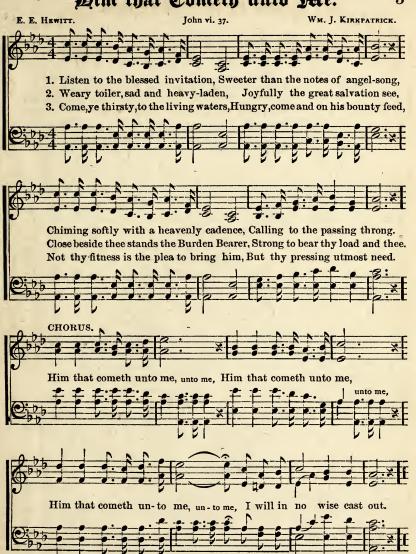
"And I will cause the shower to come down in his season."

Ezekiel xxxiv. 26.





Him that Cometh unto Me.



4 "Him that cometh," blind or maimed 5 Coming humbly, daily to this Saviour, or sinful.

Breathing all the heart to him in

Cometh for his healing touch divine, For the cleansing of the blood so precious, Prove anew this gracious line. 5 Coming humbly, daily to this Saviour, Breathing all the heart to him in prayer; [mansions, Coming some day to the heavenly He will give thee welcome there.







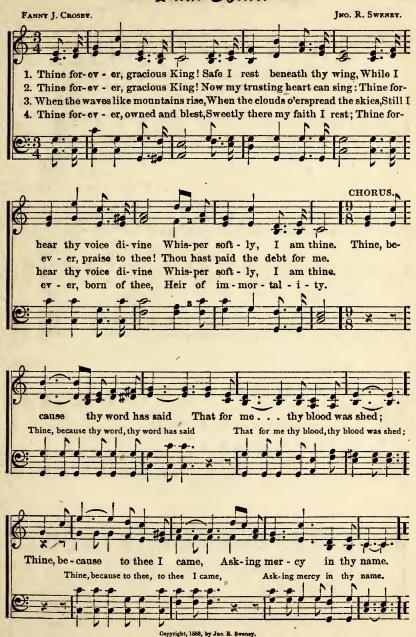
5 I thought his love would weaken, As more and more he knew me; But it burneth like a beacon, And its light and heat go thro' me

My sheep should never fear me,

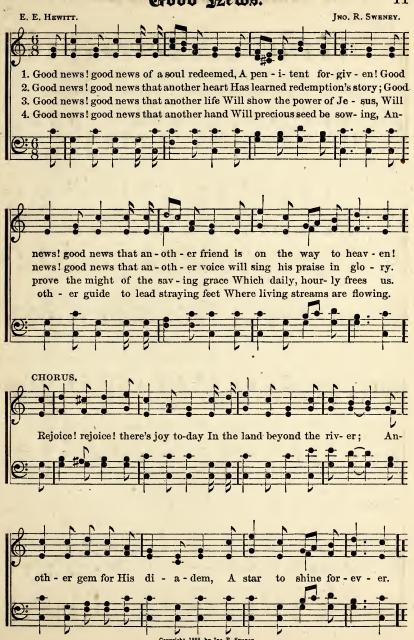
And its light and heat go thro' me.
And I ever hear him say,
As he goes along his way,

6 Let us do, then, dearest brothers, [us. What will best and longest please Follow not the ways of others, But trust ourselves to Jesus. We shall ever hear him say, As he goes along his way.

My sheep should never fear me: I am the Shepherd true.

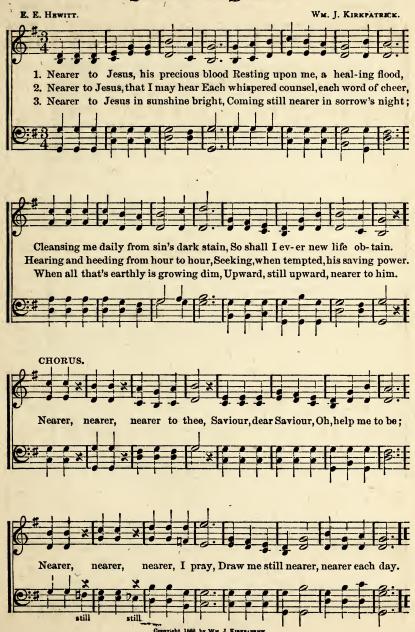


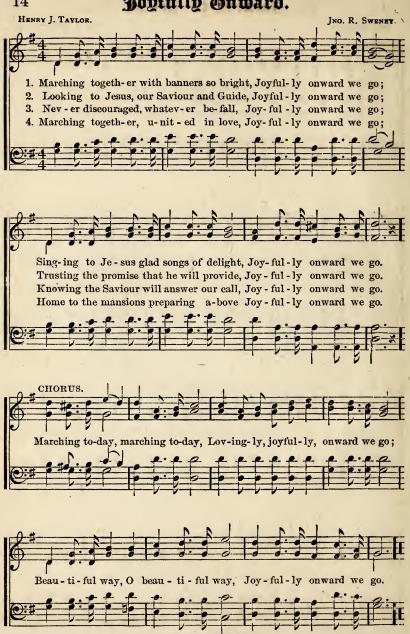




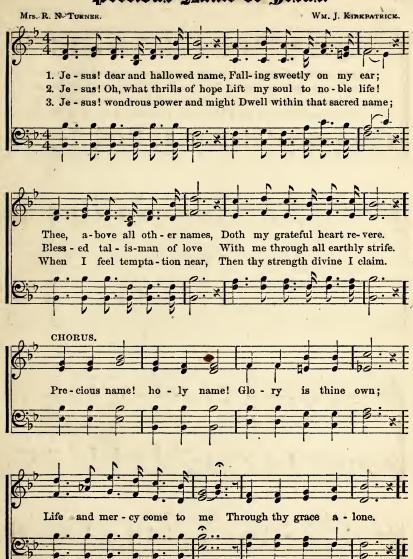
Who would not Know the Saviour? E. E. HEWITT. JNO. R SWENEY. I have a gracious Master, He helps me ev'ry day, When golden light is I have a Friend so faithful, So tender and so true: His love to me is 3. I have a mighty Saviour My utmost need to meet, His blood is perfect sparkling, When all the sky is gray; His teaching is so pa-tient: He boundless, His power is boundless too; He nev - er will forsake me, This I stand in him complete; O Saviour, Friend almighty, I cleansing, tells me what to do, And binds in his glad service My heart to his a-new. precious truth I know; His word cannot be broken, And he has told me so. long to love thee more, And better, sweeter praises Unceasingly out-pour. CHORUS. Who would not know this Sav-iour, This Mas - ter and this Friend? Oh, will you not ac-cept him Whose love can nev - er end?

Mearer to Jesus.

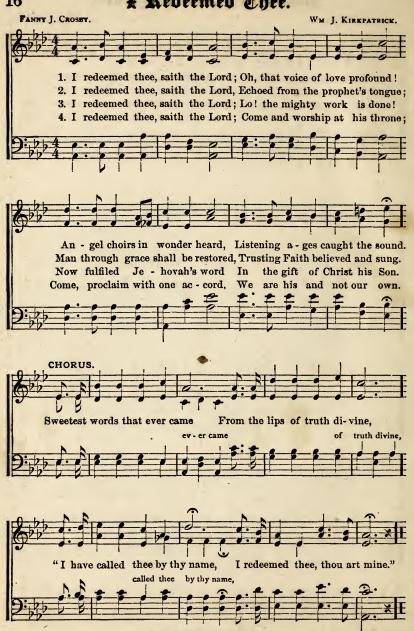


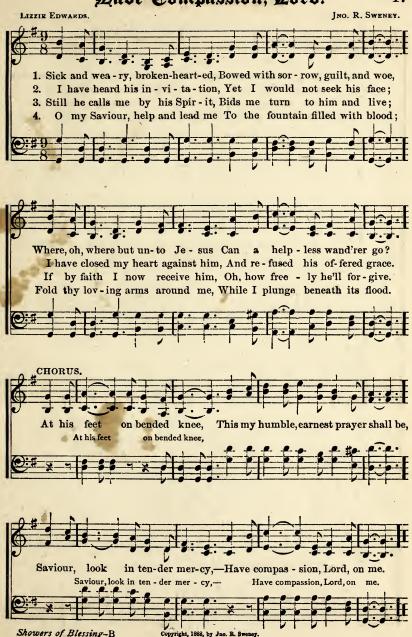


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- 4 Jesus! let me hear that name In my hour of pain and grief, Over all my troubled soul Casting then its sweet relief.
- 5 Jesus! when I say farewell
 To all else I hold most dear,
 May that hallowed name of names
 Fall upon my listening ear.





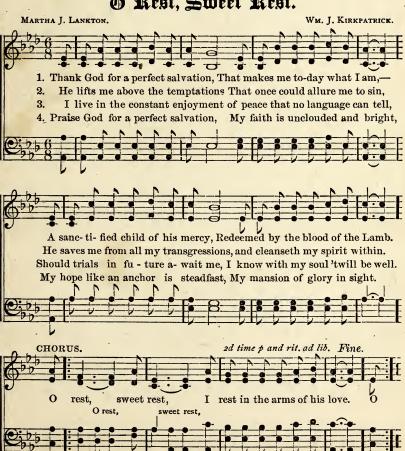




Waiting for Met.—concluded.



O Rest, Sweet Rest.



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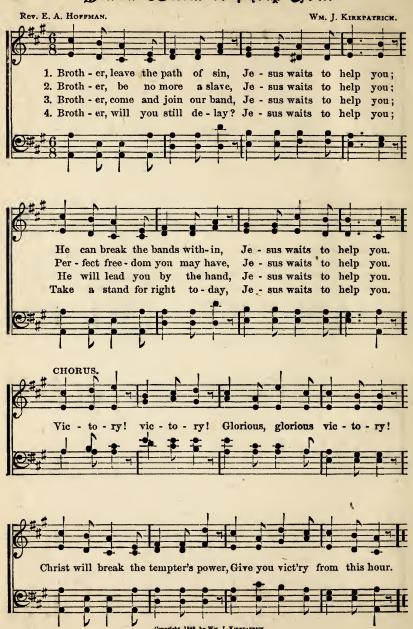
Give Your Heart to Jesus.



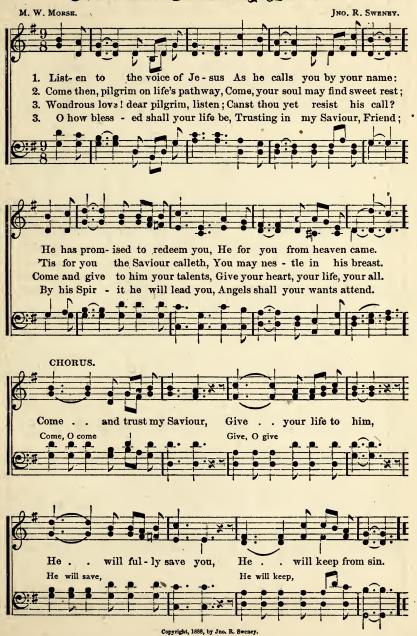
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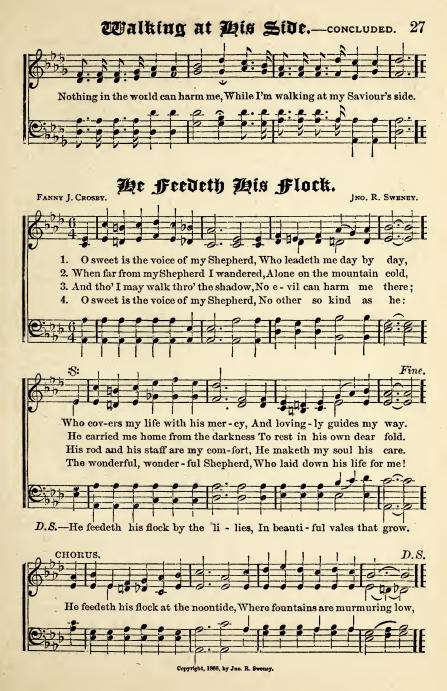




Come and Trust my Saviour.

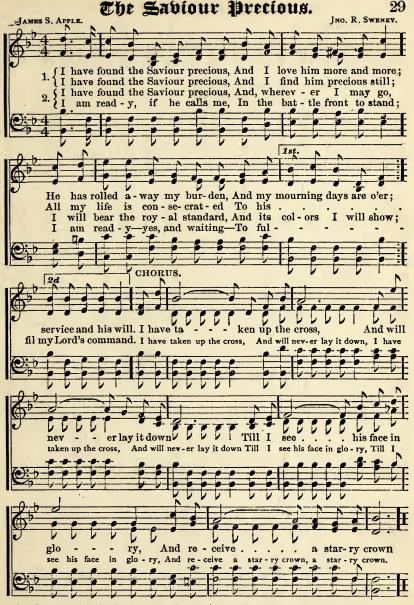








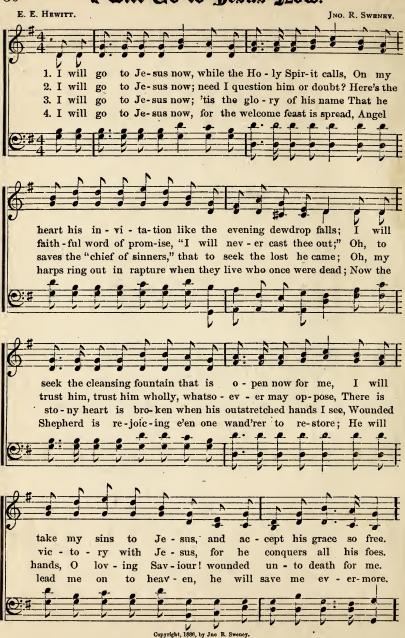




3 I have found the Saviour precious; Hallelujah! praise his name! To a mansion in his kingdom

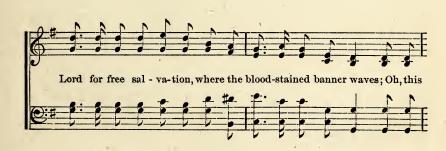
I have found the Saviour precious; He has proved my dearest Friend; And my faith can trust his promise Of protection to the end.

Through his grace the right I claim. Copyright, 1888, by Jno. R. Sweney.





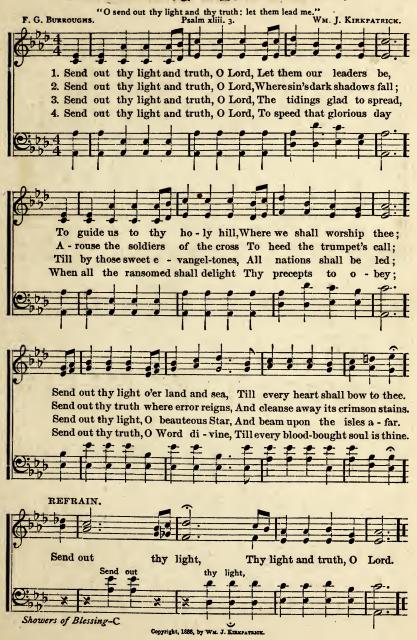




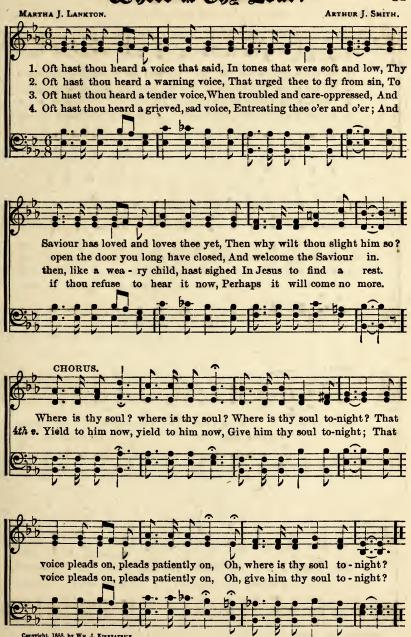




Send Out thy Light and Truth.



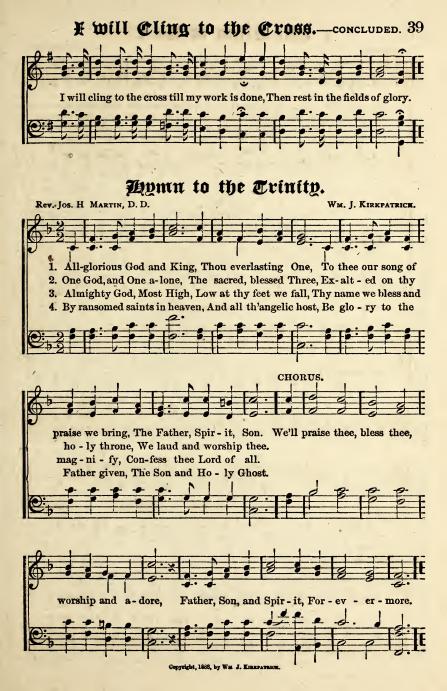


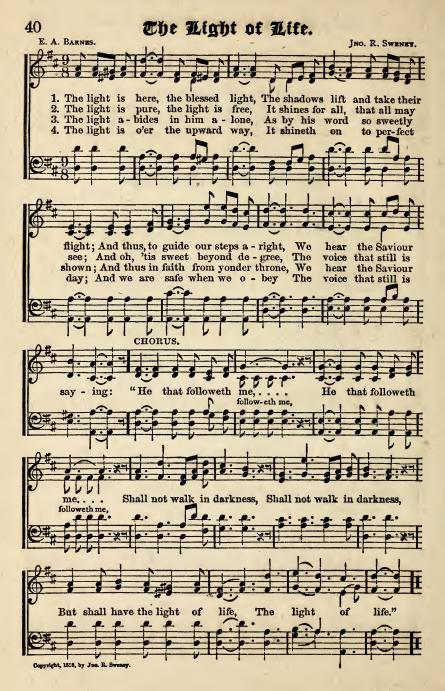




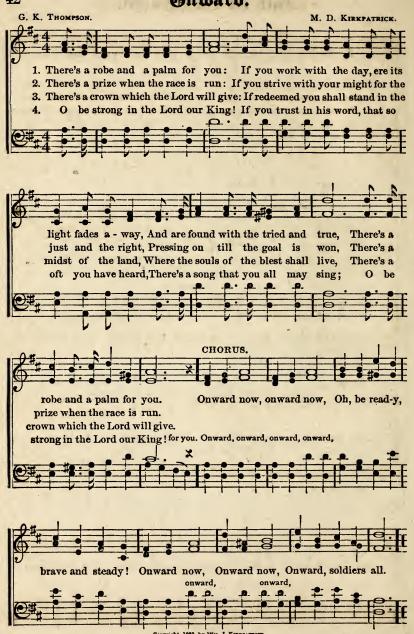


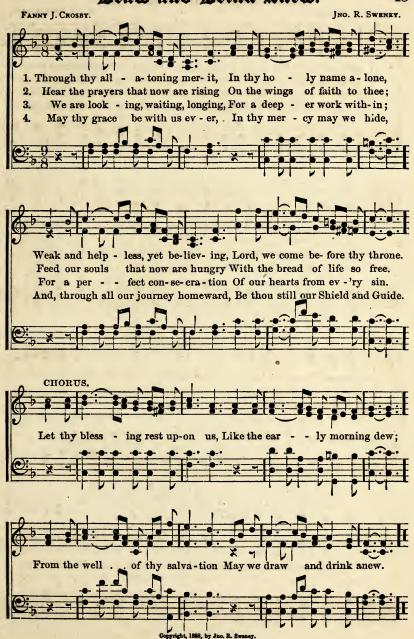


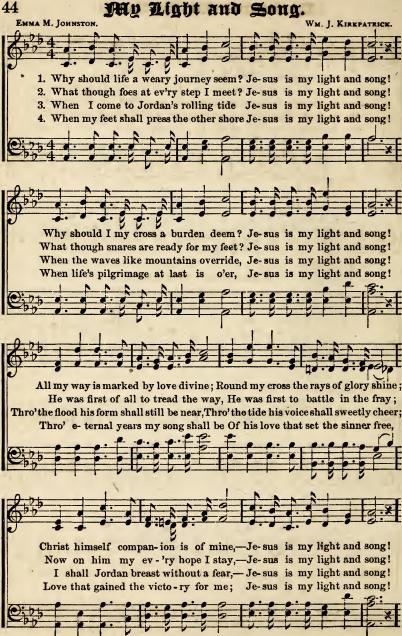




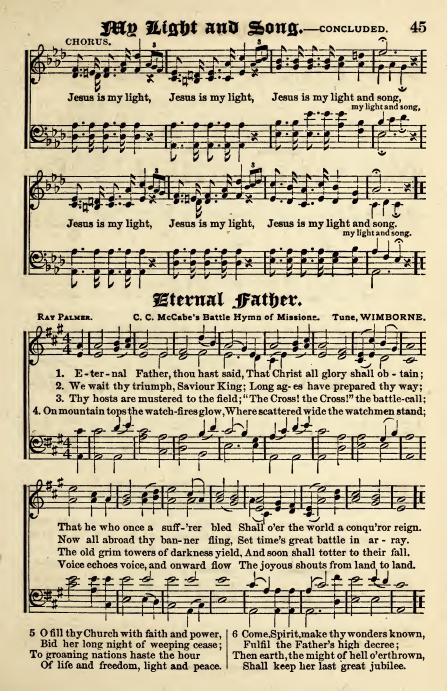






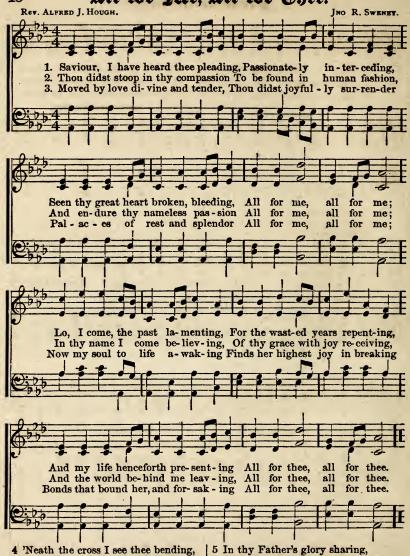


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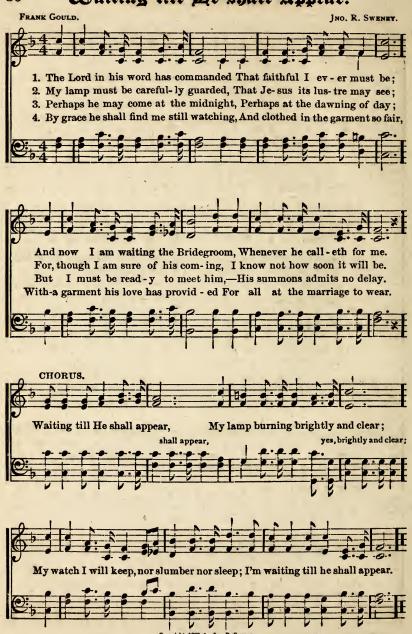


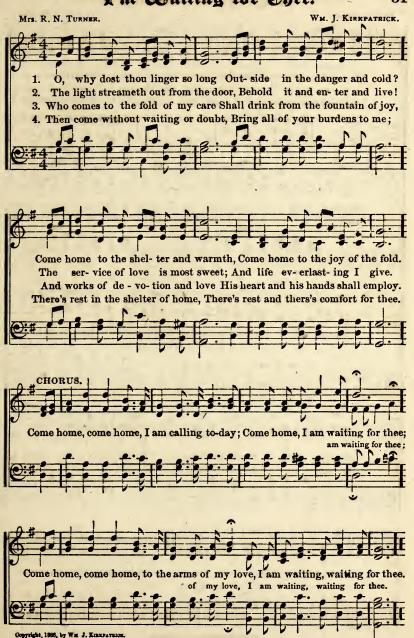


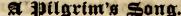
To the place of skulls ascending,
None attending, none befriending,
All for me, all for me;
Now my heart with thy life beating
To each cross shall give glad greeting,
While my lips are still repeating
All for thee, all for thee.

And the crown of ages wearing,
Thou art now a home preparing
All for me, all for me;
With the souls of thy befriending,
Saved from sorrow never-ending,
Shall my song be heard ascending
All for thee, all for thee.













tender-ly calling for you.

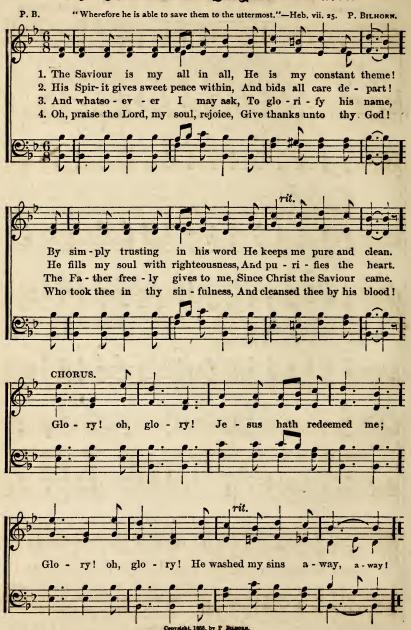
tender-ly calling for you.

for you.

Though your spirit may sigh,
Let your fond heart reply,
Dear Lord, I'll return to thy fold.

The Master is calling you all, dear
The Master is calling you all, dear
We have wandered away,
Let us come back to-day,

Come back to the good and the true.



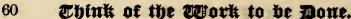


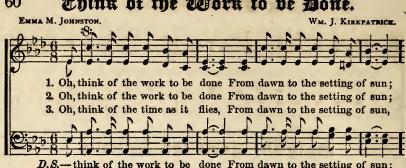






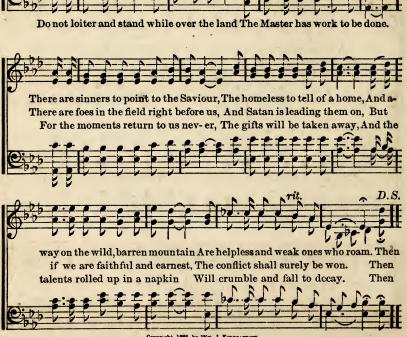






D.S.—think of the work to be done From dawn to the setting of sun;





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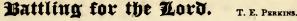
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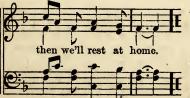




life, our guiding star, Battling for the Lord! We'll work till Jesus comes, word our strength and might, Battling for the Lord!

fight, but never yield, Battling for the Lord!



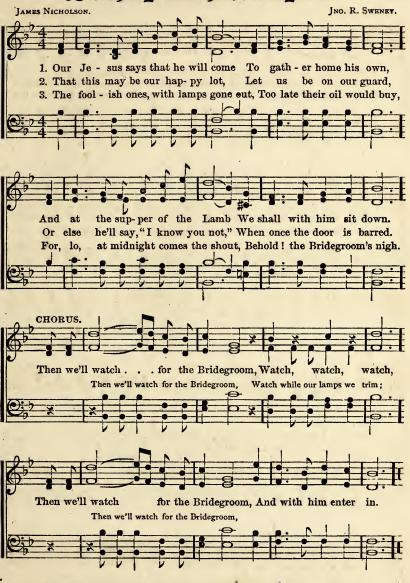


4 Though sin and death our way oppose, Battling for the Lord!

Through grace we'll conquer all our foes, Battling for the Lord!

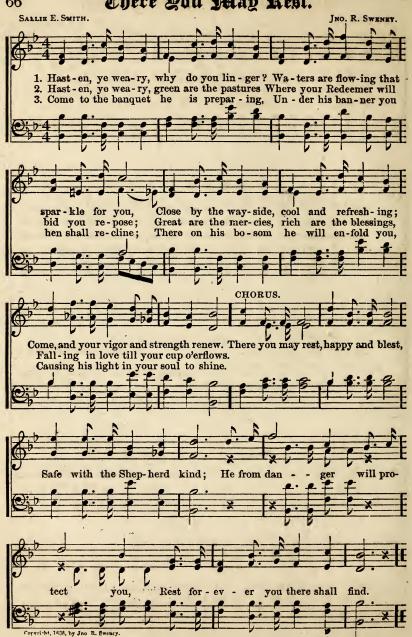
5 And when our glorious war is o'er, Battling for the Lord! We'll shout salvation evermore, Battling for the Lord!





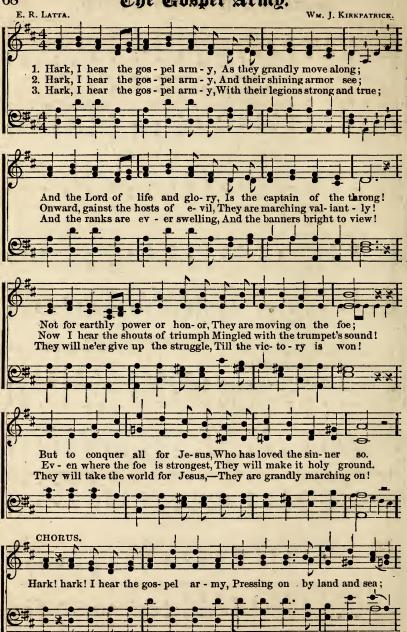
4 Oh, when we hear the Bridegroom's | 5 And when we join the blood-washed At morning or at night, [cry, May all our hopes on Christ rely, And all our lamps be bright.

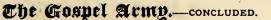
And sing the song divine, [throng, This strain shall burst from every tongue, The glory, Lord, be thine.



Jesus is a Precious Friend.

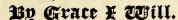






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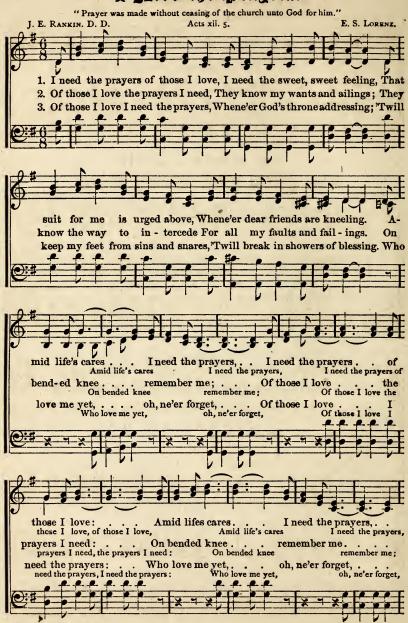




3 Will you consecrate your life to him, | 4 Will you follow where the Master To be ever his alone?

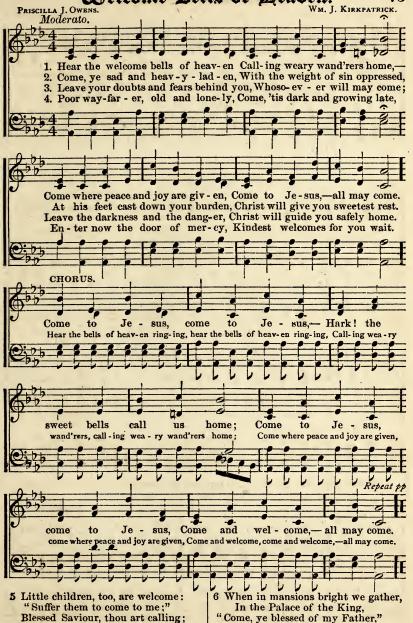
And your loving service freely yield, To the King upon his throne.

Choosing only his renown, [leads, Will you daily bear the cross for him, Till he bids you wear the crown?





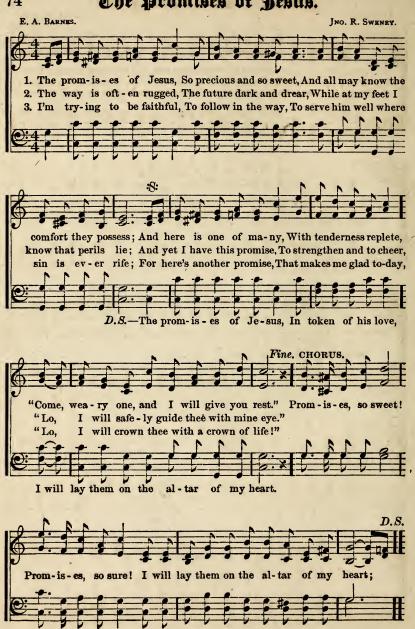




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Sweetly shall the joy bells ring.

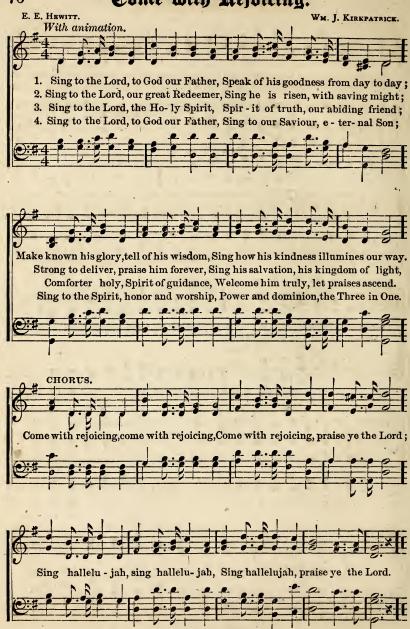
Help us all to come to thee.



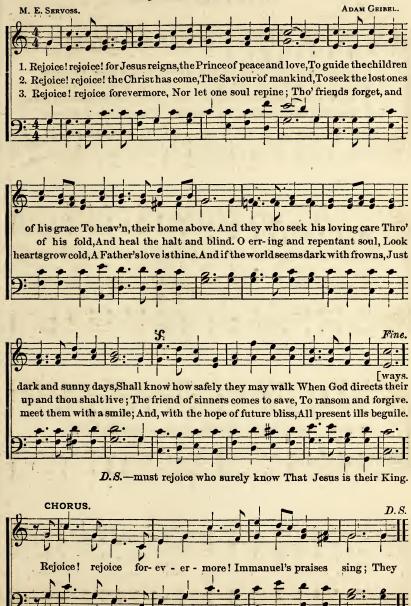
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Jesus, & will Take Thee.





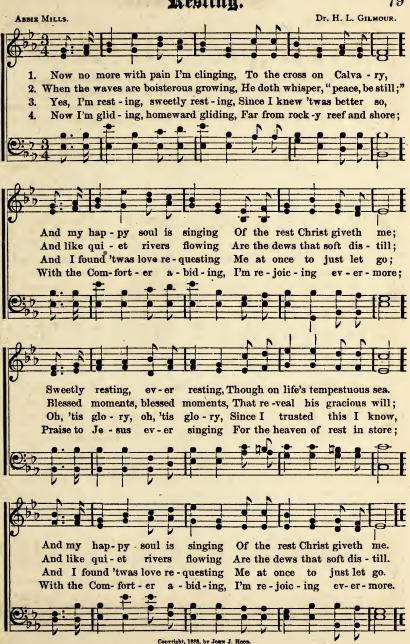
Rejoice Wvermore.



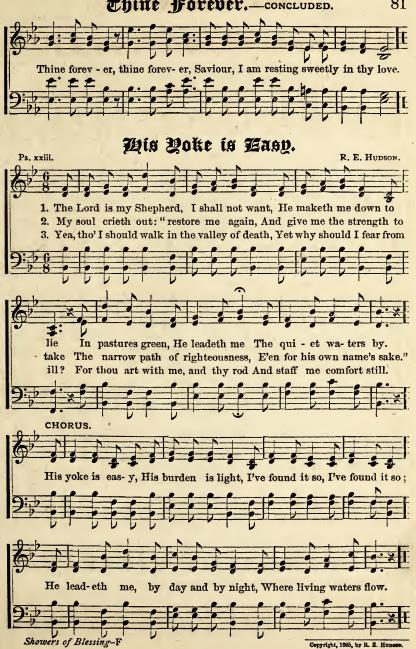
From "The Crowning Triumph," by per. of F. A. North & Co., Phila.

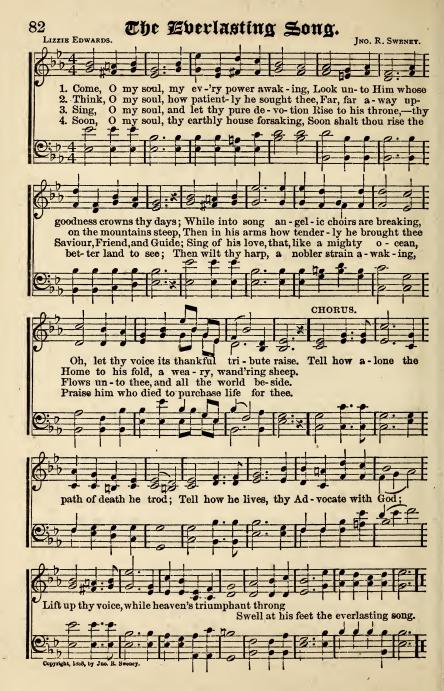


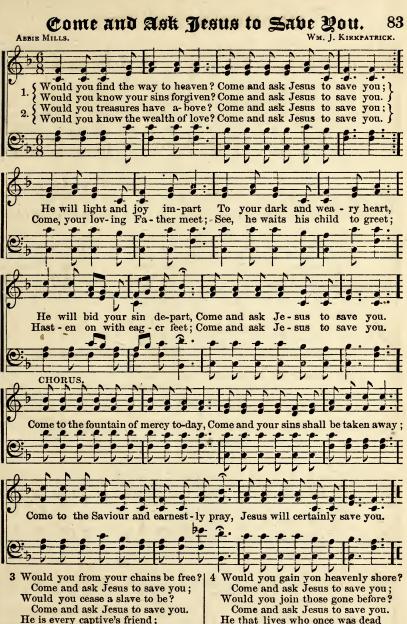
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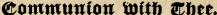






He is every captive's friend; If on him you now depend, His right arm will you defend, Come and ask Jesus to save you. He that lives who once was dead Bore the cross; for you he bled; He can soothe your dying bed,

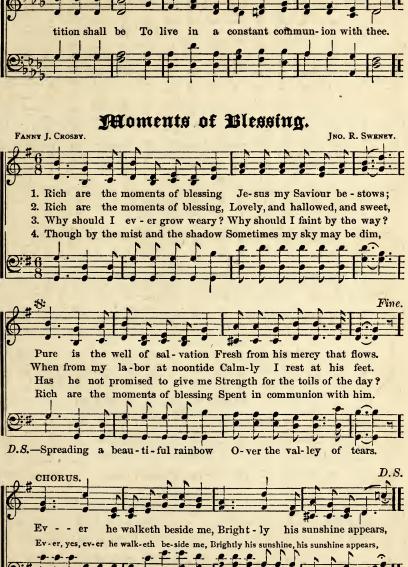
Come and ask Jesus to save you.





Communion with Thee.—concluded. 85

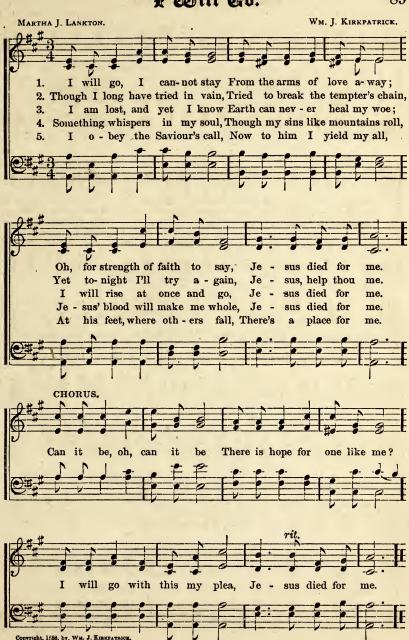




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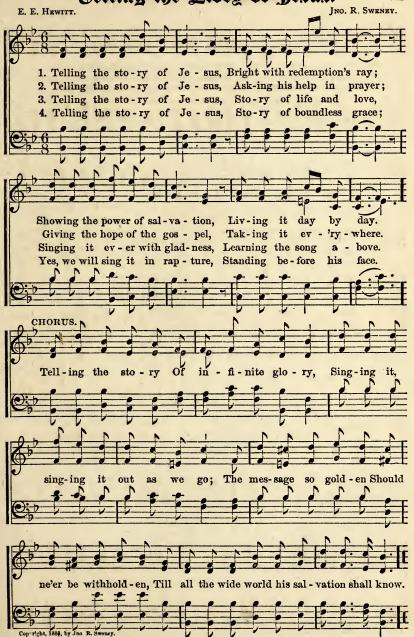








Telling the Story of Jesus.





sing the new song Of the angelic throng In the beautiful city be -

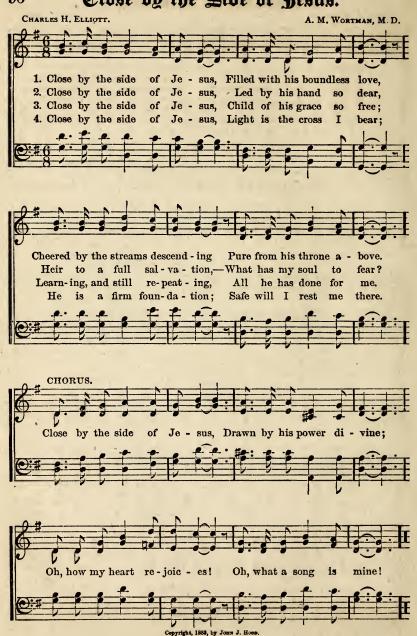
ci- ty beyond,



Let the King of Glory In.



Close by the Side of Jesus.

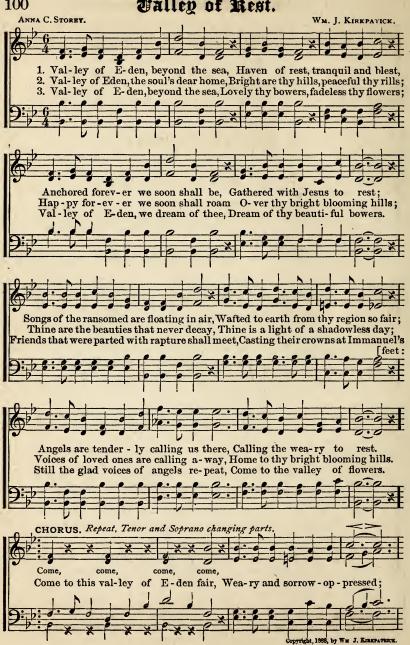




Awake, O Heart of Mine.









Or how the hosts of hell defeat, Had suff'ring saints no mercy-seat?

And heaven comes down our souls to While glory crowns the mercy seat.

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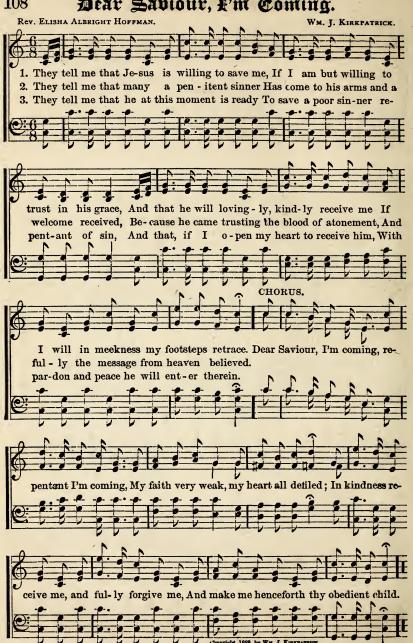






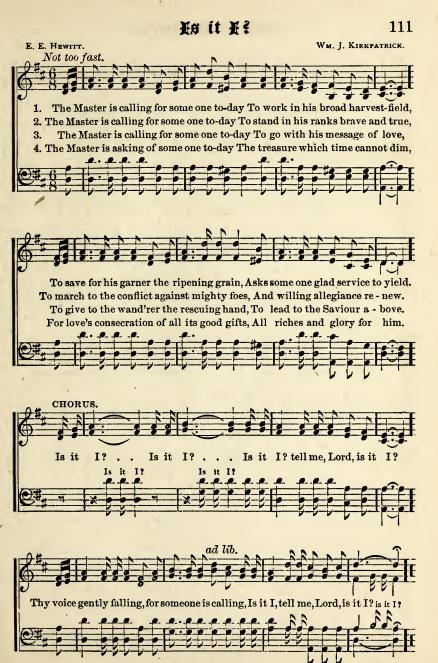














John iii. 36.

5 He that believeth | on the Son, : | Hath everlasting | life.

Is. xlv. 22.

6 Look unto me, and | be ye saved, :||

All the ends of the | earth.

Matt. v. 8.

7 Blessed are the | pure in heart,:||
For | they shall see | God.

8 Re- | joice and be ex- | ceeding glad,: || For | great is your reward in | heaven.

John xiv. 18.
9 I | will not leave you | comfortless, ||
I will come unto | you.
John vii. 37.

10 If any man thirst let him come unto And drink of the water of life. [me,:|| Mark. x. 14.

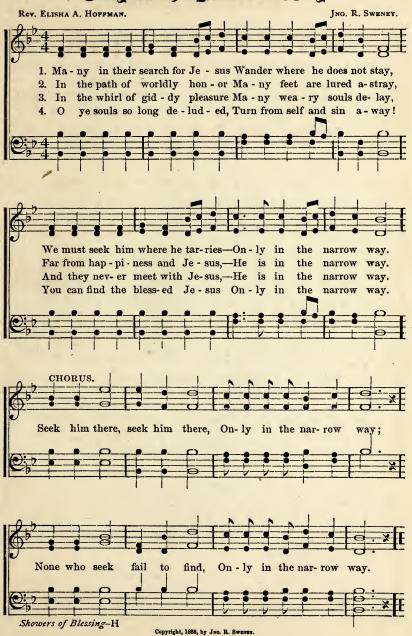
11 Suffer little children to | come unto me,:|| [heaven. For of | such is the kingdom of |

John xiv. 2.

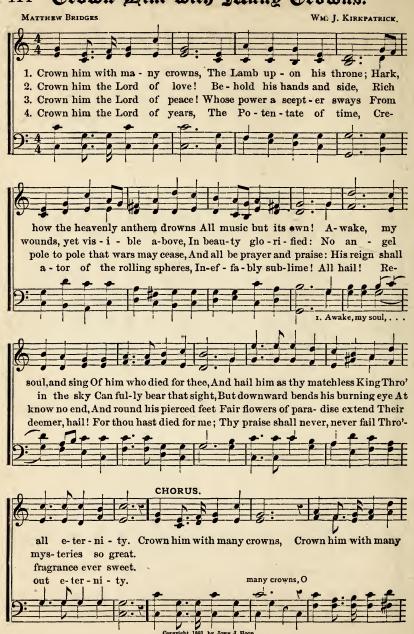
12 I | go to prepare a | place for you, ||
In my Fathers' house.

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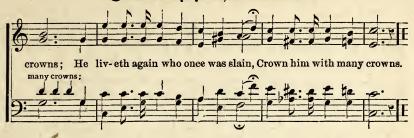
Only in the Narrow Way.



114 Crown Him with Many Crowns.

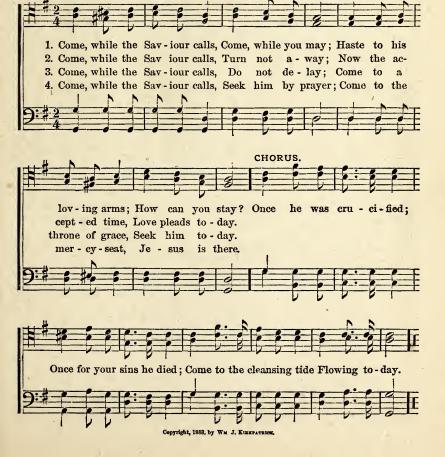


WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



Come while the Saviour Calls. (MALE VOICES.) WM. I. KI

FANNY J. CROSBY.



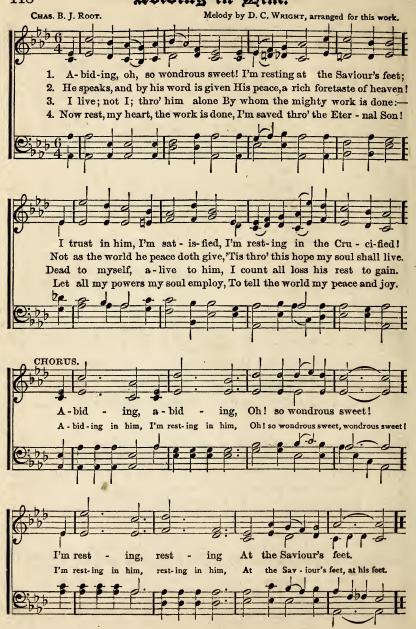


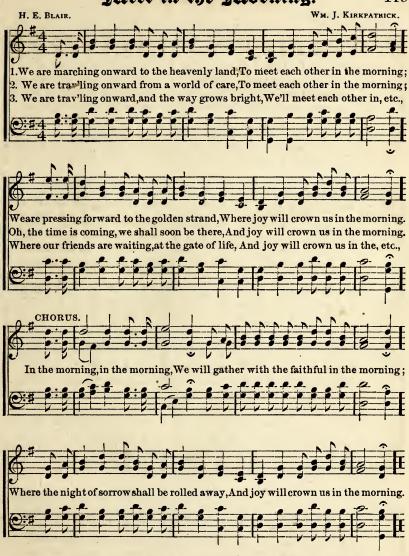
How Glad F am.



By permission

Abiding in Him.





other shore,

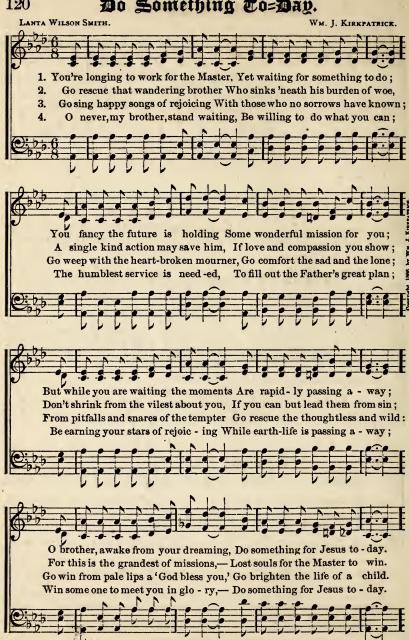
We'll meet each other in the morning! Where the heart's deep longing will be felt no more,

And joy will crown us in the morning.

4 Where the hills are blooming on the | 5 In the boundless rapture of a Saviours'

We'll meet each other in the morning; Then we'll sing his glory in the realms

And joy will crown us in the morning.





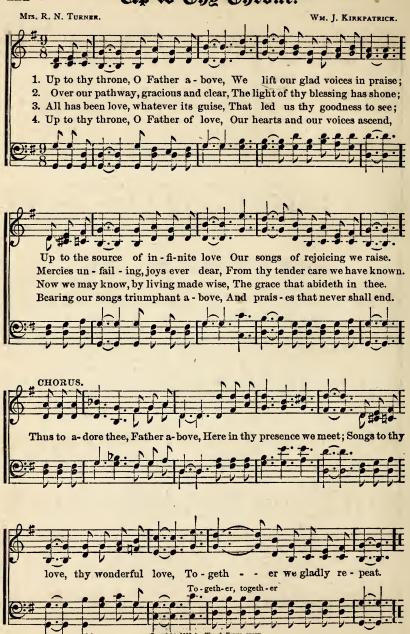
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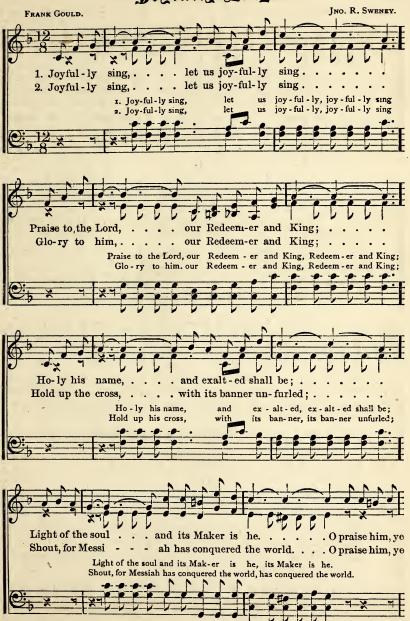


Aesus will Meet You There.

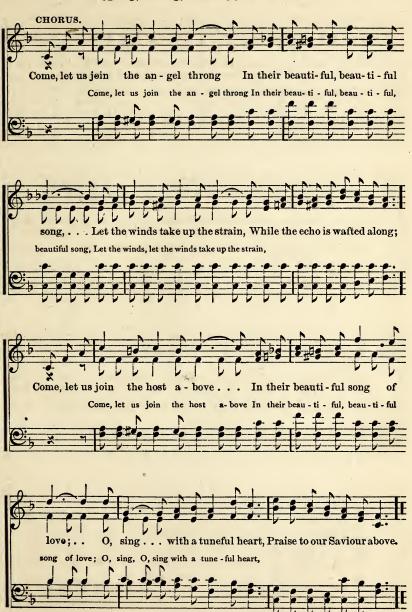


- 2 Rest beneath the hallowed cross, Jesus will meet you there; Saving mercy gained for loss, Jesus will meet you there.
- 3 Come and join his faithful band, Jesus will meet you there; Take his mighty, helping hand, Jesus will meet you there.
- 4 At the blessed mercy seat, Jesus will meet you there; Come with this assurance sweet, Jesus will meet you there.
- 5 You'll find rest in heaven at last, Jesus will meet you there; And be happy with the blest, Jesus will meet you there.

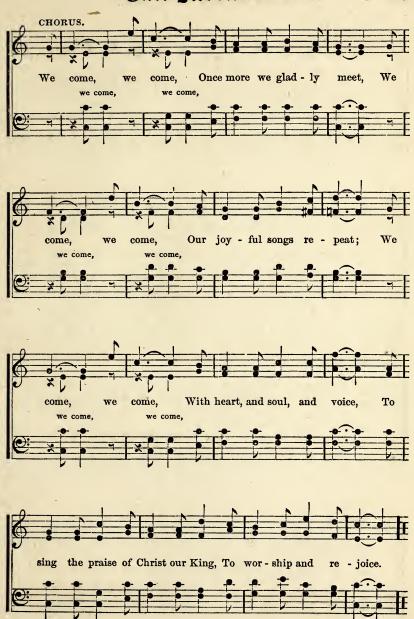


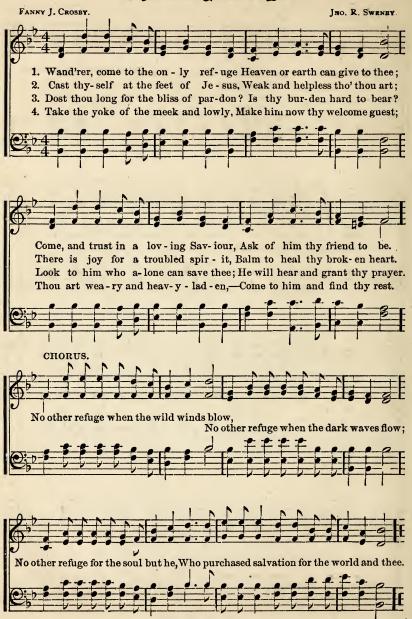






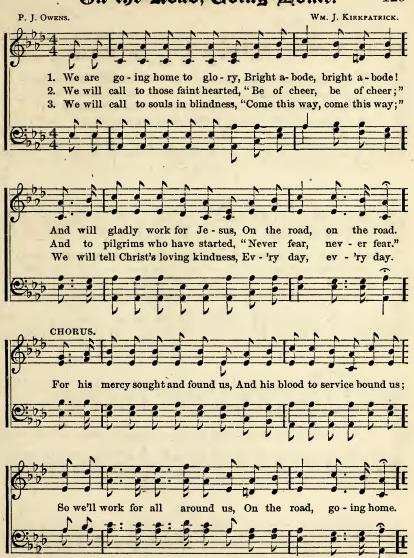






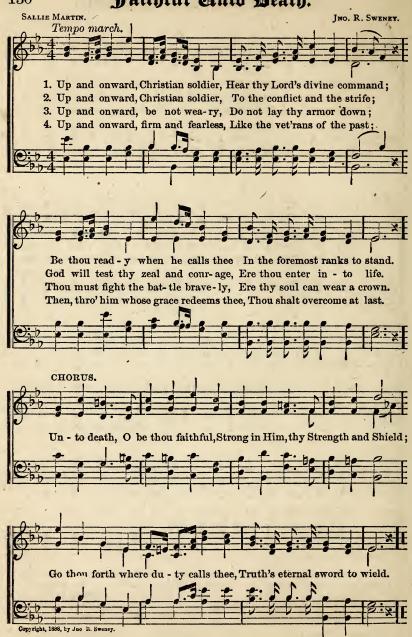
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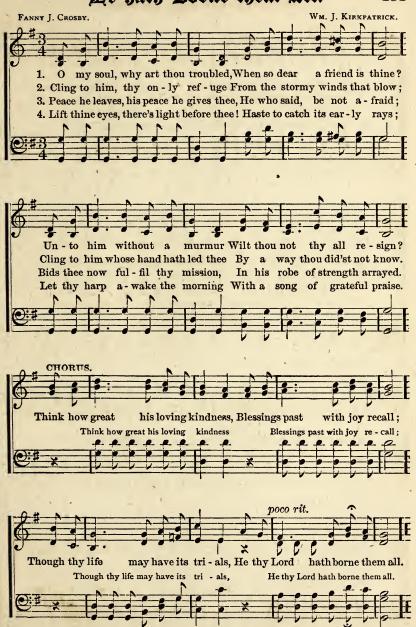
On the Road, Going Bome.



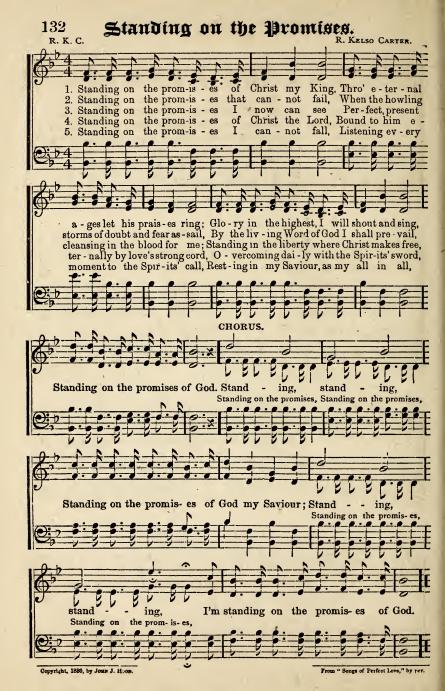
As we sing, as we sing; May our lamps be brightly burning, For the King, for the King.

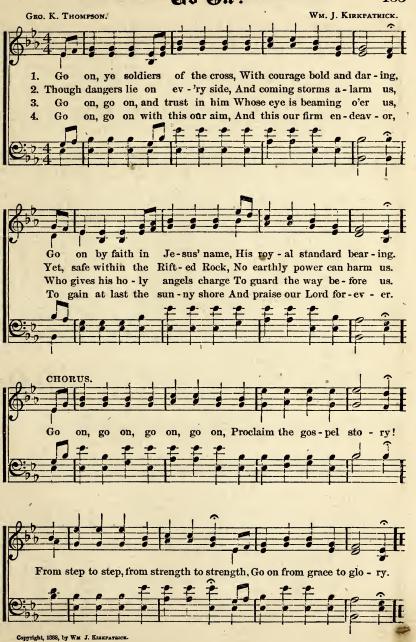
4 May our souls with love be yearning | 5 We are waiting till his message Bids us come, bids us come; But we'll live and work for Jesus, Going home, going home.

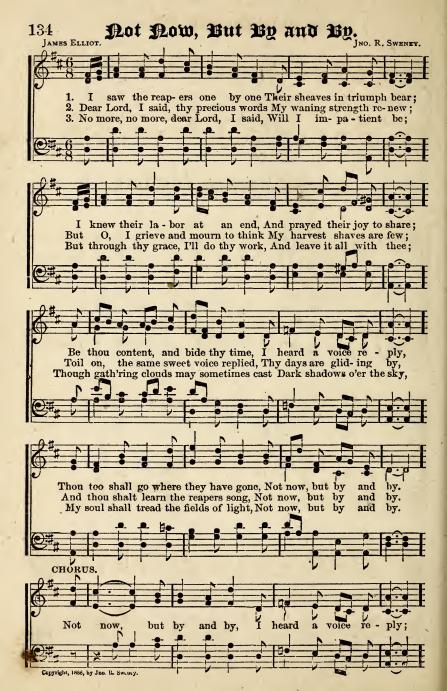


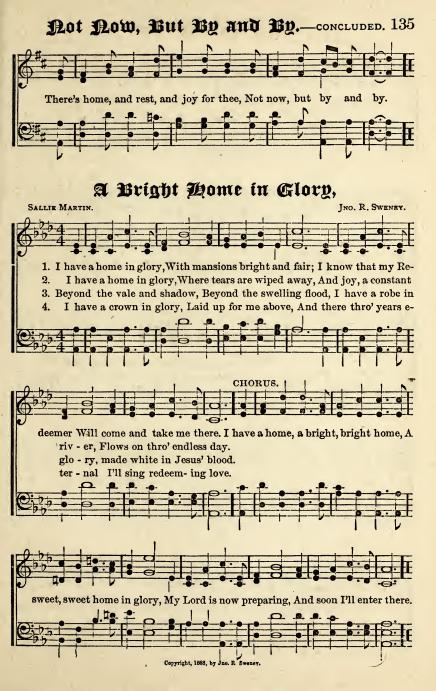


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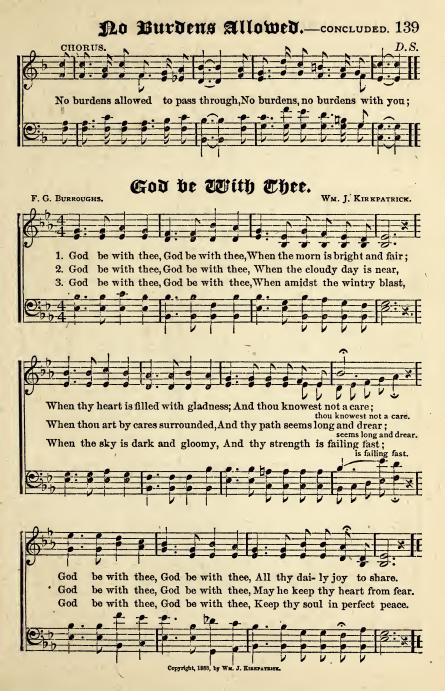




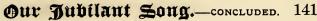
138 No Burdens Allowed to Pass Through.

A London gateway is inscribed, "No burdens allowed to pass through." The same words are inscribed in living light over the gate into the "Highway of Holiness."—Rev. E. I. D. PEPPER.



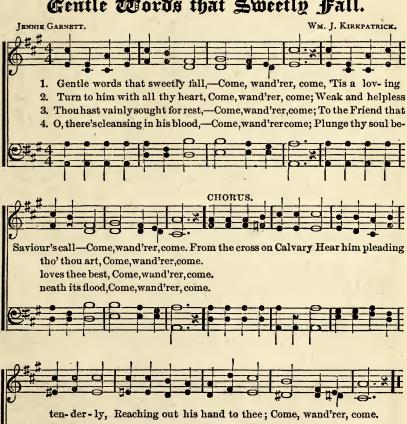


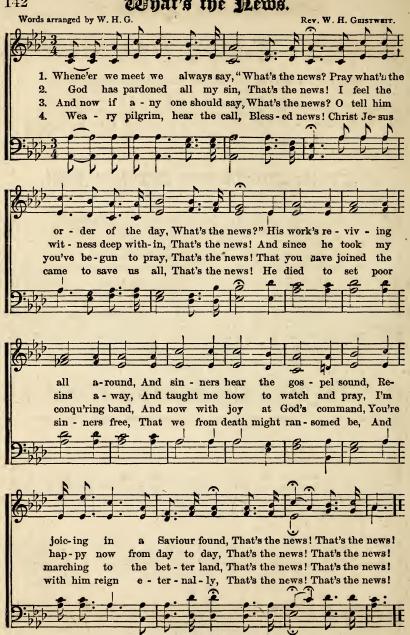




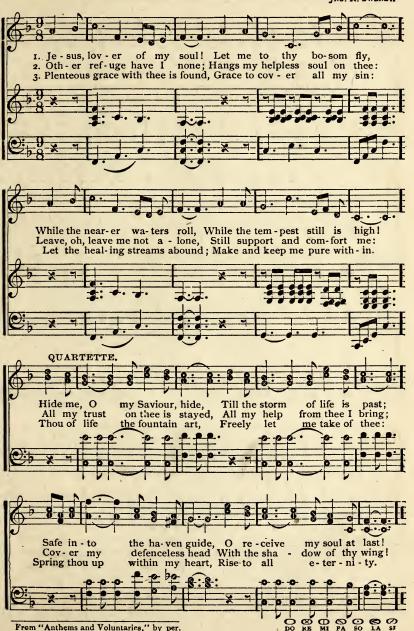


Gentle Words that Sweetly Fall.





JNO. R. SWENEY.



144. Where the Living Waters Flow.

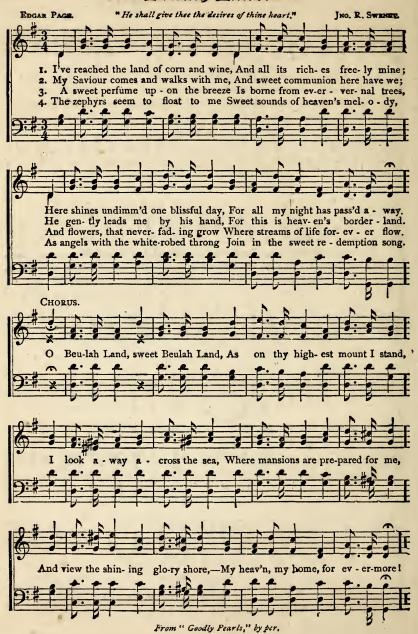


From Highway Songs, by per.



Copyright, 1825, by JOHN J. HOOD.

Beulah Land.



Blessed Assurance.



My Jesus, k Love Thee.







1 There's a stranger at the door, Let him in,

He has been there oft before, Let him in;

Let him in ere he is gone, Let him in, the Holy One,

Jesus Christ, the Father's Son, Let him in.

2 Open now to him your heart, Let him in, If you wait he will depart,

Let him in;
Let him in, he is your Friend,
He your soul will sure defend,
He will keep you to the end,
Let him in.

3 Hear you now his loving voice? Let him in,

Now, oh, now make him your choice, Let him in,

He is standing at the door, Joy to you he will restore,

And his name you will adore, Let him in.

4 Now admit the heavenly Guest, Let him in,

He will make for you a feast, Let him in,

He will speak your sins forgiven, And when earth ties all are riven, He will take you home to heaven, Let him in.





154

The Lord's my Shepherd.

Tune, DOWNS.

I The Lord's my Shepherd, I'll not want:
He makes me down to lie
In pastures green; he leadeth me
The quiet waters by.

2 My soul he doth restore again,
And me to walk doth make
Within the paths of righteousness,
E'en for his own name's sake.

3 Yea, though I walk through death's Yet will I fear no ill, [dark vale,

For thou art with me, and thy rod And staff me comfort still.

4 A table thou hast furnished me In presence of my foes; My head thou dost with oil anoint,

5 Goodness and mercy all my life Shall surely follow me, And in God's house forevermore

And my cup overflows.

My dwelling-place shall be.



2 Go, labor on; 'tis not for naught: Thine earthly loss is heavenly gain;

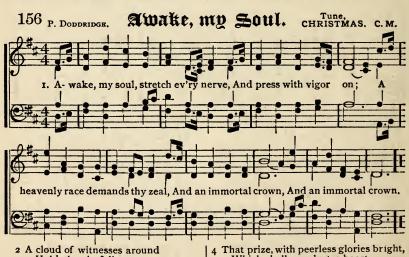
Men heed thee, love thee, praise thee not; The Master praises,—what are men?

3 Go, labor on; your hands are weak; Your knees are faint, your soul cast down:

Yet falter not; the prize you seek Is near,—a kingdom and a crown! 4 Toil on, faint not; keep watch, and pray! Be wise the erring soul to win: Go forth into the world's highway; Compel the wanderer to come in.

5 Toil on, and in thy toil rejoice; For toil comes rest, for exile home; Soon shalt thou hear the Bridegroom's voice,

The midnight peal, "Behold, I come!"

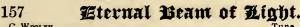


- Hold thee in full survey; Forget the steps already trod. And onward urge thy way.
- 3 'Tis God's all-animating voice That calls thee from on high; 'Tis his own hand presents the prize To thine aspiring eye:-
- Which shall new luster boast,

When victors' wreaths and monarchs' Shall blend in common dust. [gems

5 Blest Saviour, introduced by thee, Have I my race begun;

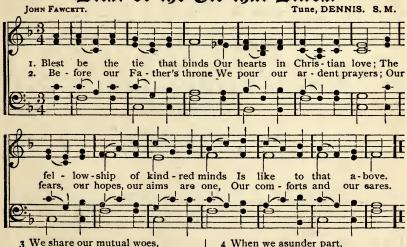
And, crowned with victory, at thy feet I'll lay my honors down.





- 3 Thankful I take the cup from thee, Prepared and mingled by thy skill; Though bitter to the taste it be, Powerful the wounded soul to heal.
- 4 Be thou, O Rock of Ages, nigh! [gone, So shall each murmuring thought be And grief, and fear, and care shall fly, As clouds before the midday sun.
- 5 Speak to my warring passions, "Peace;" Say to my trembling heart, "Be still;" Thy power my strength and fortress is, For all things serve thy sovereign will.
- 6 O Death! where is thy sting? where Thy boasted victory, O Grave? [now Who shall contend with God? or who Can hurt whom God delights to save?

158 Blest be the Tie that Binds.

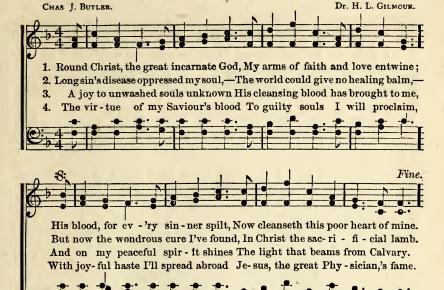


We share our mutual woes,
 Our mutual burdens bear;
 And often for each other flows
 The sympathizing tear.

4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.







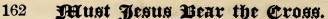
D.S.—I now have found the healing balm, In Calv'ry's precious, bleeding Lamb.

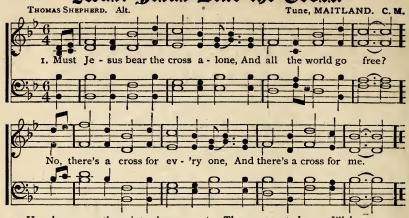


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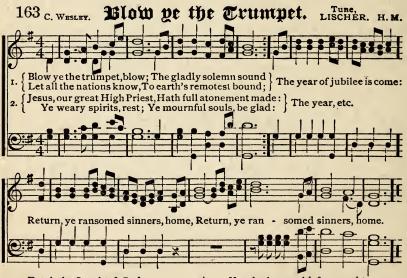
Heavenly Union .- Concluded.

- 2 When Jesus saw me from on high, Beheld my soul in ruin lie, He looked on me with pitying eye, And said to me, as he passed by, "With God you have no union."
- 3 Then I began to weep and cry,
 And looked this way and that, to fly,
 It grieved me so that I must die;
 I strove salvation for to buy;
 But still I had no union.
- 4 But when I hated all my sin,
 My dear Redeemer took me in,
 And with his blood he wash'd me clean;
 And oh, what seasons I have seen
 Since first I felt this union!
- 5 I praised the Lord both night and day, And went from house to house to pray, And if I met one on the way, I found I'd something still to say About this heavenly union.





- 2 How happy are the saints above, Who once went sorrowing here! But now they taste unmingled love, And joy without a tear.
- Till death shall set me free;
 And then go home my crown to wear,
 For there's a crown for me.



- 3 Extol the Lamb of God,
 The all-atoning Lamb;
 Redemption in his blood
 Throughout the world proclaim.
- 4 Ye slaves of sin and hell, Your liberty receive, And safe in Jesus dwell, And blest in Jesus live.
- 5 Ye who have sold for naught Your heritage above, Shall have it back unbought, The gift of Jesus' love.
- 6 The gospel trumpet hear, The news of heavenly grace, And saved from earth, appear Before your Saviour's face.



- 2 Rejoicing now in earnest hope, I stand, and from the mountain top See all the land below: Rivers of milk and honey rise, And all the fruits of paradise In endless plenty grow.
- 3 A land of corn, and wine, and oil,
 Favored with God's peculiar smile,
 With every blessing blest; [ness,
 There dwells the Lord our RighteousAnd keeps his own in perfect peace,
 And everlasting rest.
- 4 O that I might at once go up;
 No more on this side Jordan stop,
 But now the land possess;
 This moment end my legal years,
 Sorrows and sins, and doubts and fears,
 A howling wilderness!

165 Come on, my Partners.

 Come on, my partners in distress, My comrades through the wilderness, Who still your bodies feel;
 Awhile forget your griefs and fears, And look beyond this vale of tears, To that celestial hill.

- 2 Beyond the bounds of time and space, Look forward to that heavenly place, The saints' secure abode; On faith's strong eagle pinions rise,
 - And force your passage to the skies, And scale the mount of God.
- 3 Who suffer with our Master here, We shall before his face appear And by his side sit down; To patient faith the prize is sure, And all that to the end endure The cross, shall wear the crown.
- 4 Thrice blessed, bliss-inspiring hope!
 It lifts the fainting spirits up,
 It brings to life the dead:
 Our conflicts here shall soon be past,
 And you and I ascend at last,
 Triumphant with our Head.
- 5 That great mysterious Deity
 We soon with open face shall see;
 The beatific sight [praise,
 Shall fill the heavenly courts with
 And wide diffuse the golden blaze
 Of everlasting light. —C. Wesley.

166

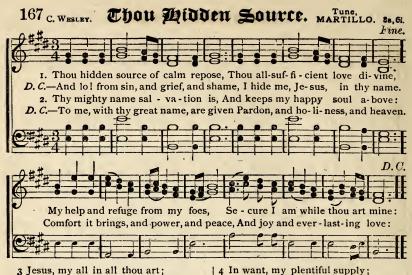
Welcome, Delightful Morn.

Tune opposite.

- I Welcome, delightful morn, Thou day of sacred rest, We hail thy kind return, Lord, make these moments blest; From the low train of mortal toys We soar to reach immortal joys.
- 2 Now may the King descend And fill his throne of grace;

Thy sceptre, Lord, extend,
While saints address thy face:
Let sinners feel thy quickening word,
And learn to know and fear the Lord.

3 Descend, celestial Dove!
With all thy quickening powers,
Disclose a Saviour's love,
And bless these sacred hours;
Then shall our souls new life obtain,
Nor Sabbaths be bestowed in vain.



My rest in toil, my ease in pain;
The medicine of my broken heart;
In war, my peace; in loss, my gain;
My smile beneath the tyrant's frown;
In shame, my glory and my crown:

4 In want, my plentiful supply;
In weakness, my almighty power;
In bonds, my perfect liberty;
My light, in Satan's darkest hour;
In grief, my joy unspeakable;
My life in death, my all in all.



2 Saviour, I thank thee for the grace, The gift unspeakable; And wait with arms of faith to embrace, And all thy love to feel.

3 My soul breaks out in strong desire
 The perfect bliss to prove;

 My longing heart is all on fire
 To be dissolved in love.

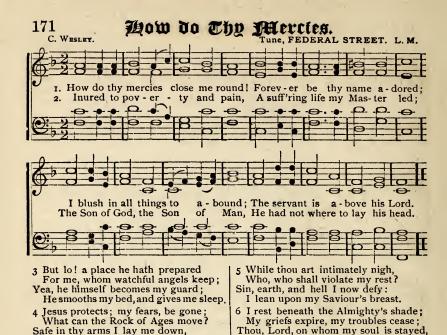
4 Give me thyself; from every boast, From every wish set free; Let all I am in thee be lost, But give thyself to me.

5 Thy gifts, alas! cannot suffice, Unless thyself be given; Thy presence makes my paradise, And where thou art is heaven.





- 1. Our Father which art in heaven, hallowed | be thy | name, | Thy kingdom come, thy will be done in | earth, as-it | is in | heaven.
- 2. Give us this day our | daily | bread, || And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive | them that | trespass a- | gainst us.
- 3. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver | us from | evil; || For thine is the kingdom, and the power and the | glory for- | ever and | ever. || A- | men.





Thine everlasting arms of love.

Grieved him by a thousand falls.

3 Now incline me to repent;

Let me now my sins lament;

Now my foul revolt deplore,

Weep, believe, and sin no more.

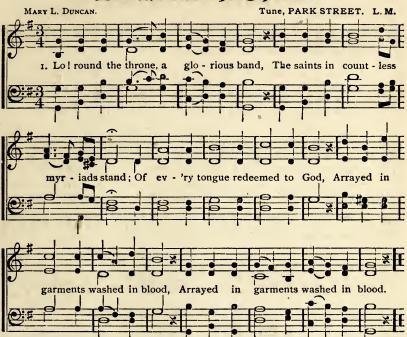
Lets the lifted thunder drop.

5 There for me the Saviour stands,

Jesus weeps, and loves me still.

Shows his wounds and spreads his

God is love! I know, I feel; [hands;



- 2 Through tribulation great they came; They bore the cross, despised the shame; But now from all their labors rest, In God's eternal glory blest.
- 3 They see the Saviour face to face; They sing the triumph of his grace; And day and night, with ceaseless praise, To him their loud hosannas raise.
- 4 O may we tread the sacred road That holy saints and martyrs trod; Wage to the end the glorious strife, And win, like them, a crown of life!

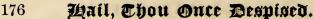
174 Now to the Lord.

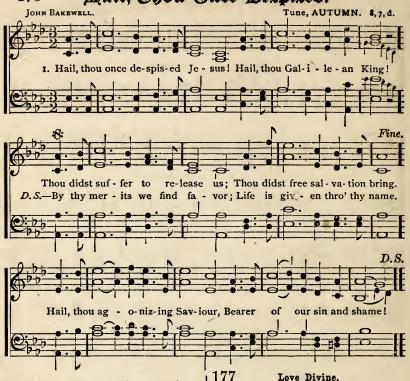
- I Now to the Lord a noble song: Awake, my soul, awake, my tongue; Hosanna to the eternal name, And all his boundless love proclaim.
- 2 See where it shines in Jesus' face, The brightest image of his grace; God, in the person of his Son, Has all his mightiest works outdone.
- 3 The spacious earth and spreading flood Proclaim the wise and powerful God:

- And thy rich glories from afar Sparkle in every rolling star.
- 4 Grace! 'tis a sweet, a charming theme, My thoughts rejoice at Jesus name; Ye angels, dwell upon the sound, Ye heavens, reflect it to the ground.
- 5 Oh! may I reach that happy place, Where he unveils his lovely face, Where all his beauties you behold, And sing his name to harps of gold. —ISAAC WATTS.

175 Soon may the last glad song.

- I Soon may the last glad song arise, Through all the millions of the skies; That song of triumph which records That all the earth is now the Lord's.
- 2 Let thrones, and powers, and kingdoms Obedient, n ighty God, to thee; [be And over land, and stream, and main, Now wave the scepter of thy reign.
- 3 O let that glorious anthem swell; Let host to host the triumph tell, Till not one rebel heart remains, But over all the Saviour reigns.





2 Paschal Lamb, by God appointed, All our sins on thee were laid: By almighty love annointed, Thou hast full atonement made. All thy people are forgiven, Through the virtue of thy blood; Opened is the gate of heaven; Peace is made 'twixt man and God.

3 Jesus, hail! enthroned in glory, There forever to abide: All the heavenly hosts adore thee, Seated at thy Father's side: There for sinners thou art pleading; There thou dost our place prepare: Ever for us interceding, Till in glory we appear.

4 Worship, honor, power, and blessing, Thou art worthy to receive; Loudest praises, without ceasing, Meet it is for us to give. Help, ye bright angelic spirits; Bring your sweetest, noblest lays: Help to sing our Saviour's merits; Help to chant Immanuel's praise!

Love Divine.

I Love divine, all love excelling, Joy of heaven, to earth come down! Fix in us thy humble dwelling; All thy faithful mercies crown. Jesus, thou art all compassion, Pure unbounded love thou art; Visit us with thy salvation;

Enter every trembling heart. 2 Come, almighty to deliver, Let us all thy life receive: Suddenly return, and never, Never more thy temples leave: Thee we would be always blessing, Serve thee as thy hosts above, Pray, and praise thee without ceasing, Glory in thy perfect love.

3 Finish then thy new creation; Pure and spotless let us be; Let us see thy great salvation, Perfectly restored in thee: Changed from glory into glory

Till in heaven we take our place, Till we cast our crowns before thee, Lost in wonder, love, and praise. -C. WESLEY.

162



2 Let the world despise and leave me,
They have left my Saviour, too;
Human hearts and looks deceive me;
Thou art not, like man, untrue;
And, while thou shalt smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love, and might,
Foes may hate, and friends may shun me;
Show thy face, and all is bright.

3 Go, then, earthly fame and treasure!
Come, disaster, scorn, and pain!
In thy service, pain is pleasure;
With thy favor, loss is gain.
I have called thee, "Abba, Father;"
I have stayed my heart on thee;
Storms may howl, and clouds may gather,
All must work for good to me.

4 Man may trouble and distress me,
'Twill but drive me to thy breast;
Life with trials hard may press me,
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.
O'tis not in grief to harm me,
While thy love is left to me;
O'twere not in joy to charm me,
Were that joy unmixed with thee.

5 Know, my soul, thy full salvation; Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care; Joy to find in every station Something still to do or bear. Think what Spirit dwells within thee; What a Father's smile is thine; What a Saviour died to win thee:

Child of heaven, shouldst thou repine?

6 Haste thee on from grace to glory,

Armed by faith, and winged by prayer; Heaven's eternal day's before thee, God's own hand shall guide thee there. Soon shall close thy earthly mission, Swift shall pass thy pilgrim days,

Hope shall change to glad fruition, Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

179 Gently Lead Us.

I Gently, Lord, oh, gently lead us
Through this lonely vale of tears,
Through the changes thou'st decreed ua
Till our last great change appears;
When temptation's darts assail us,
When in devious paths we stray,

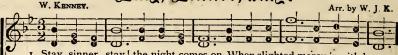
When in devious paths we stray, Let thy goodness never fail us, Lead us in thy perfect way.

2 In the hour of pain and anguish, In the hour when death draws near, Suffer not our hearts to languish, Suffer not our souls to fear; And when mortal life is ended.

Bid us in thine arms to rest, Till by angel bands attended We awake among the blest.



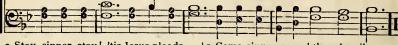
Stay, Sinner, stay!



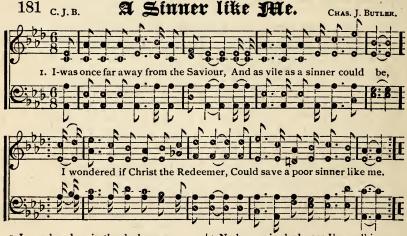
Stay, sinner, stay! the night comes on, When slighted mercy is withdrawn;
 Stay, sinner, stay! the Father's call Now bids you come, for-saking all;



The Ho - ly Spir - it strives no more, And Jesus gives his pleadings o'er. Oh, come, and he will bid you live, Oh, come, and freely he'll for - give.

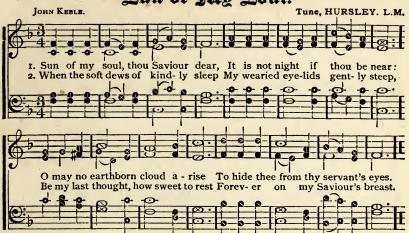


- 3 Stay, sinner, stay! 'tis Jesus pleads, For you he weeps, for you he bleeds; Oh, let his love your heart constrain, Nor let him weep and bleed in vain.
- 4 Stay, sinner, stay! the Spirit cries, Awake, and from the dead arise; Arise and plead for mercy now, And at the cross repenting bow.
- 5 Come, sinner, come! though guilty now. At Jesus' feet submissive bow, And freely all shall be forgiven;— Oh, come, and taste the joys of heaven.
- 6 See, sinner, see! where loved ones stand, All saved in heaven—a happy band; Oh, come, and join them on that shore, Where death and parting are no more.



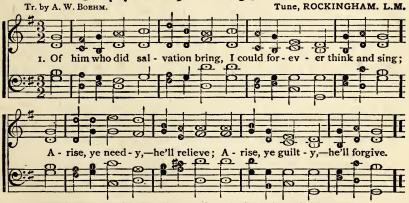
- I wandered on in the darkness, Not a ray of light could I see, [ness, And the thought filled my heart with sad-There's no hope for a sinner like me.
- 3 I then fully trusted in Jesus, And oh, what a joy came to me; My heart was filled with his praises, For saving a sinner like me.
- 4 No longer in darkness I'm walking, For the light is now shining on me, And now unto others I'm telling, How he saved a poor sinner like me.
- And when life's journey is over,
 And I the dear Saviour shall see,
 I'll praise him forever and ever,
 For saving a sinner like me.

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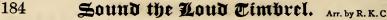


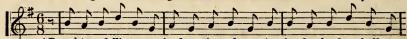
- 3 Abide with me from morn till eve, For without thee I cannot live; Abide with me when night is nigh, For without thee I dare not die.
- 4 If some poor wandering child of thine Have spurned to-day the voice divine, Now, Lord, the gracious work begin; Let him no more lie down in sin.
- 5 Watch by the sick; enrich the poor With blessings from thy boundless store; Be every mourner's sleep to-night, Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.
- 6 Come near and bless us when we wake, Ere through the world our way we take: Till in the ocean of thy love, We lose ourselves in heaven above.

183Of Him who did Salvation.

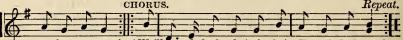


- 2 Ask but his grace, and lo, 'tis given; Ask, and he turns your hell to heaven: Though sin and sorrow wound my soul, Jesus, thy balm will make it whole.
- 3 To shame our sins he blushed in blood; 5 Insatiate to this spring I fly; He closed his eyes to show us God: Let all the world fall down and know That none but God such love can show.
- 4 'Tis thee I love, for thee alone I shed my tears and make my moan; Where'er I am, where'er I move, I meet the object of my love.
 - I drink, and yet am ever dry Ah! who against thy charms is proof? Ah! who that loves, can love enough?





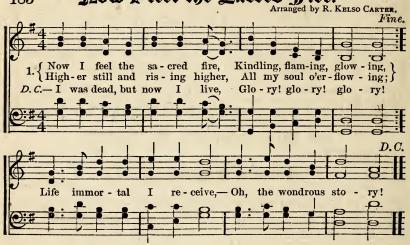
1. { Daughter of Zi-on, awake from thy sadness; Awake, for thy foes shall op-Bright o'er thy hills dawns the day-star of gladness; Arise, for the night of thy



press thee no more; sor-row is o'er. \{\text{ We'll sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea; }\} \{\text{ Je-hovah hath triumphed, His peo-ple are free.}\}

2 Strong were thy foes; but the arm that subdued them,
And scattered their legions, was mightier far;
They fled like the chaff from the scourge that pursued them;
O, vain were their steeds and their chariots of war.

185 **Now A feel the Zacred Fire.**



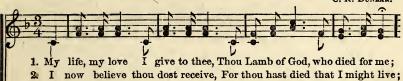
- 2 Now I am from bondage freed,
 Every bond is riven;
 Jesus makes me free indeed,
 Just as free as heaven:
 'Tis a glorious liberty—
 Oh, the wondrous story!
 I was bound, but now I'm free,
 Glory! glory! glory!
- Glory! glory! glory!

 3 Let the testimony roll,
 Roll through every nation;
 Witnessing from soul to soul,
 This immense salvation,
 Now I know it's full and free;
 Oh, the wondrous story!
 For I feel it saving me,
 Glory! glory! glory!
- 4 Glory be to God on high,
 Glory be to Jesus!
 He hath brought salvation nigh,
 From all sin he frees us.

Let the golden harps of God Ring the wondrous story; Let the pilgrim shout aloud, Glory! glory! glory!

5 Let the trump of jubilee,
The glad tidings thunder;
Jesus sets the captives free:
Bursts their bonds asunder;
Fetters break and dungeons fall,
Oh, the wondrous story!
This salvation's free to all,
Glory! glory! glory!

C. R. DUNBAR.



3. Oh, thou who died on Cal - va-ry, To save my soul and make me free,



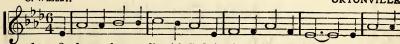
CHO.—I'll live for him who died for me, How happy then my life shall be!



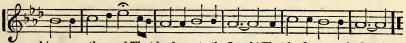
By permission,

187 C. WESLEY. O for a Closer Walk.

ORTONVILLE.



O for a closer walk with God, A calm and heavenly frame; A light to 2. Where is the blessedness I knew, When first I saw the Lord? Where is the



shine upon the road That leads me to the Lamb! That leads me to the Lamb! soul-refreshing view Of Jesus and his word? Of Jesus and his word?

- 3 What peaceful hours I once enjoyed! | 5 The dearest idol I have known, How sweet their memory still! But they have left an aching void The world can never fill.
- 4 Return, O holy Dove, return, Sweet messenger of rest!
 - I hate the sins that made thee mourn, And drove thee from my breast.
- Whate'er that idol be,
- Help me to tear it from thy throne, And worship only thee.
- 6 So shall my walk be close with God. Calm and serene my frame: So purer light shall mark the road

That leads me to the Lamb.





- 2 Look how we grovel here below, Fond of these earthly toys; Our souls, how heavily they go, To reach eternal joys.
- 3 In vain we tune our formal songs, In vain we strive to rise; Hosannas languish on our tongues, And our devotion dies.
- 4 Father, and shall we ever live
 At this poor dying rate,
 Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
 And thine to us so great?
- 5 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove, With all thy quick'ning powers; Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love, And that shall kindle ours.



1 COME, ye sinners, poor and needy, Weak and wounded, sick and sore; Jesus ready stands to save you, Full of pity, love, and power: He is able, He is willing: doubt no more.

2 Now, ye needy, come and welcome; God's free bounty glorify;

True belief and true repentance,
Every grace that brings you nigh,
Without money,
Come to Jesus Christ and buy.

3 Let not conscience make you linger, Nor of fitness fondly dream; All the fitness he requireth Is to feel your need of him This he gives you; 'Tis the Spirit's glimmering beam. 4 Come, ye weary, heavy-laden,
Bruised and mangled by the fall;
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all;
Not the righteous—
Sinners Jesus came to call.

5 Agonizing in the garden,
Your Redeemer prostrate lies;
On the bloody tree behold him!
Hear him cry, before he dies,
"It is finished!"
Sinners, will not this suffice?

6 Lo! the incarnate God, ascending,
Pleads the merit of his blood:
Venture on him, venture freely;
Let no other trust intrude:
None but Jesus
Can do helpless sinners good.

169



192 O Love Divine.

- I O LOVE divine, how sweet thou art!
 When shall I find my willing heart
 All taken up by thee?
 I thirst, I faint, I die to prove
 The greatness of redeeming love,
 The love of Christ to me.
- 2 Stronger his love than death or hell; Its riches are unsearchable; The first-born sons of light Desire in vain its depths to see; They cannot reach the mystery, The length, the breadth, the height.
- 3 God only knows the love of God; O that it now were shed abroad In this poor stony heart! For love I sigh, for love I pine; This only portion, Lord, be mine; Be mine this better part.
- 4 O that I could forever sit
 With Mary at the Master's feet!
 Be this my happy choice;
 My only care, delight, and bliss,
 My joy, my heaven on earth, be this,
 To hear the Bridegroom's voice.
- 5 O that I could, with favored John, Recline my weary head upon The dear Redeemer's breast!

From care, and sin, and sorrow free, Give me, O Lord, to find in thee My everlasting rest.

193 O could I Speak.

- O COULD I speak the matchless worth,
 O could I sound the glories forth,
 Which in my Saviour shine,
 I'd soar and touch the heavenly strings,
 And vie with Gabriel while he sings
 In notes almost divine.
- 2 I'd sing the precious blood he spilt, My ransom from the dreadful guilt Of sin, and wrath divine; I'd sing his glorious righteousness, In which all-perfect, heavenly dress My soul shall ever shine.
- 3 I'd sing the characters he hears, And all the forms of love he wears, Exalted on his throne; In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,

I would to everlasting days
Make all his glories known,

4 Well, the delightful day will come
When my dear Lord will bring me
And I shall see his face; [home,
Then with my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
A blest eternity I'll spend,
Triumphant in his grace.



194 I love Thy kingdom.

- I Love thy kingdom, Lord, The house of thine abode, The Church our blest Redeemer saved With his own precious blood.
- 2 I love thy Church, O God! Her walls before thee stand, Dear as the apple of thine eye, And graven on thy hand.
- 3 For her my tears shall fall, For her my prayers ascend: To her my cares and toils be given, Till toils and cares shall end.
- 4 Beyond my highest joy
 I prize her heavenly ways,
 Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
 Her hymns of love and praise.
- 5 Sure as thy truth shall last, To Zion shall be given The brightest glories earth can yield, And brighter bliss of heaven.

195 Grace!

- I GRACE! 'tis a charming sound, Harmonious to the ear; Heaven with the echo shall resound, And all the earth shall hear.
- 2 Grace first contrived a way
 To save rebellious man;
 And all the steps that grace display,
 Which drew the wondrous plan.
- 3 Grace taught my roving feet
 To tread the heavenly road;
 And new supplies each hour I meet,
 While pressing on to God.
- 4 Grace all the work shall crown
 Through everlasting days;
 It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
 And well deserves our praise.

196 Stand up, and bless.

- I STAND up, and bless the Lord,
 Ye people of his choice;
 Stand up, and bless the Lord your God,
 With heart, and soul, and voice.
- 2 Though high above all praise, Above all blessing high, Who would not fear his holy name, And laud, and magnify?
- 3 O for the living flame
 From his own altar brought,
 To touch our lips, our souls inspire,
 And wing to heaven our thought!
- 4 God is our strength and song, And his salvation ours; Then be his love in Christ proclaimed With all our ransomed powers.
- 5 Stand up, and bless the Lord; The Lord your God adore; Stand up, and bless his glorious name, Henceforth, forevermore.

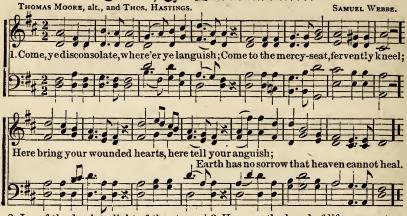
197 Purity of heart.

- I BLEST are the pure in heart,
 For they shall see our God;
 The secret of the Lord is theirs;
 Their soul is his abode.
- 2 Still to the lowly soul He doth himself impart, And for his temple and his throne Selects the pure in heart.
- 3 Lord, we thy presence seek,
 May ours this blessing be;
 O give the pure and lowly heart,—
 A temple meet for thee.

Doxology. S. M. To God, the Father, Son, And Spirit, One in Three, Be glory, as it was, is now, And shall forever be.



Come, Be Disconsolate.

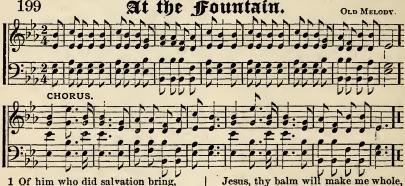


2 Joy of the desolate, light of the straying,

Hope of the penitent, fadeless and pure, Here speaks the Comforter, tenderly saying,

"Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot cure." 3 Here see the bread of life; see waters flowing

Forth from the throne of God, pure from above; [knowing Come to the feast of love; come, ever Earth has no sorrow but heaven can [remove.



1 Of him who did salvation bring, I'm at the fountain drinking,

I could forever think and sing, I'm on my journey home.

CHO —Glory to God,
I'm at the fountain drinking,
Glory to God,
I'm on my journey home.

2 Ask but his grace and lo! 'tis given, I'm at the fountain drinking,

Ask and he turns your hell to heaven, I'm on my journey home.

3 Tho' sin and sorrow wound my soul, I'm at the fountain drinking, Jesus, thy balm will make me whole I'm on my journey home.

4 Where'er I am, where'er I move, I'm at the fountain drinking,

I meet the object of my love, I'm on my journey home.

5 Insatiate to this spring I fly, I'm at the fountain drinking,

I drink and yet am ever dry, I'm on my journey home.

Сно.—Glory to God,

I'm at the fountain drinking, Glory to God, My soul is satisfied.

Alida. C. JH. Double. D. B. THOMPSON.



200 How happy every child.

I How happy every child of grace, Who knows his sins forgiven!

"This earth," he cries, "is not my place,
I seek my place in heaven,—
A country far from mortal sight;

Yet O, by faith I see
The land of rest, the saints' delight,

The heaven prepared for me."

2 O what a blessed hope is ours!
While here on earth we stay,
We more than taste the heavenly
And antedate that day; [powers,
We feel the resurrection near,
Our life in Christ concealed,

Our life in Christ concealed, And with his glorious presence here Our earthen vessels filled.

3 O would he more of heaven bestow.

And let the vessels break,
And let our ransomed spirits go
To grasp the God we seek;
In rapturous awe on him to gaze,
Who bought the sight for me;
And shout and wonder at his grace
Through all eternity!

201 I heard the voice of Jesus.

I I HEARD the voice of Jesus say, "Come unto me and rest;

Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
Thy head upon my breast!"

I came to Jesus as I was, Weary, and worn, and sad,

I found in him a resting place, And he hath made me glad.

2 I heard the voice of Jesus say, "Behold, I freely give

The living water; thirsty one,

Stoop down, and drink, and live!"
I came to Jesus, and I drank

Of that life-giving stream;
My thirst was quenched, my soul reAnd now I live in him. [vived,

3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"I am this dark world's light;
Look unto me, thy morn shall rise

And all thy day be bright!"
I looked to Jesus, and I found
In him my Star, my Sun;
And in that light of life I'll walk,
Till all my journey's done.

202 Work, for the night is coming.

WORK, for the night is coming,
Work through the morning hours;
Work, while the dew is sparkling,
Work 'mid springing flowers;
Work, when the day grows brighter,
Work in the glowing sun;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man's work is done.

2 Work, for the night is coming, Work through the sunny noon; Fill brightest hours with labor, Rest comes sure and soon. Give every flying minute Something to keep in store: Work, for the night is coming, When man works no more.

3 Work, for the night is coming, Under the sunset skies; While their bright tints are glowing, Work, for daylight flies.
Work till the last beam fadeth, Fadeth to shine no more;
Work while the night is darkening,
When man's work is o'er.







206 Come, ye that love.

- I COME, ye that love the Saviour's name, And joy to make it known, The Sovereign of your hearts proclaim, And bow before his throne.
- 2 Behold your Lord, your Master crowned With glories all divine; And tell the wondering nations round How bright those glories shine.
- 3 When, in his earthly courts, we view The glories of our King, We long to love as angels do, And wish like them to sing.
- 4 And shall we long and wish in vain?
 Lord, teach our songs to rise:
 Thy love can animate the strain,
 And bid it reach the skies.

207 What glory gilds.

- I WHAT glory gilds the sacred page! Majestic, like the sun, It gives a light to every age; It gives, but berrows none.
- 2 The power that gave it still supplies The gracious light and heat; Its truths upon the nations rise; They rise, but never set.
- 3 Lord, everlasting thanks be thine For such a bright display, As makes a world of darkness shine With beams of heavenly day.
- 4 My soul rejoices to pursue
 The steps of him I love,
 Till glory breaks upon my view
 In brighter worlds above.

208 The Prince of Peace.

- To us a Child of hope is born, To us a Son is given; Him shall the tribes of earth obey, Him, all the hosts of heaven.
- 2 His name shall be the Prince of Peace, Forevermore adored; The Wonderful, the Counselor, The great and mighty Lord.
- 3 His power, increasing, still shall spread; His reign no end shall know; Justice shall guard his throne above, And peace abound below.
- 4 To us a Child of hope is born, To us a Son is given; The Wonderful, the Counselor, The mighty Lord of heaven.

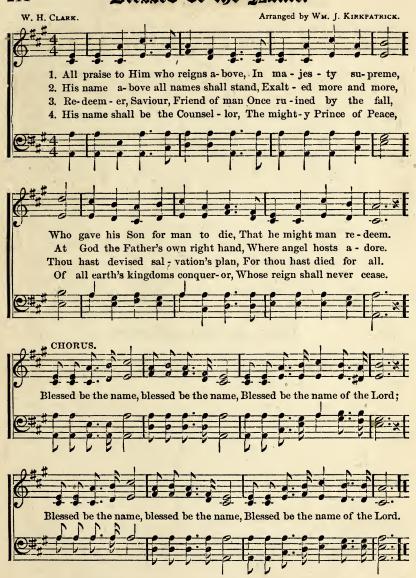
209 The joyful sound.

- I SALVATION! O the joyful sound What pleasure to our ears! A sovereign balm for every wound, A cordial for our fears.
- 2 Salvation! let the echo fly The spacious earth around, While all the armies of the sky Conspire to raise the sound.
- 3 Salvation! O thou bleeding Lamb! To thee the praise belongs: Salvation shall inspire our hearts, And dwell upon our tongues.

Doxology. C.M.

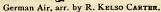
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, The God whom we adore, Be glory, as it was, is now, And shall be evermore.

Blegged be the Name.



- 5 The ransomed hosts to thee shall bring | 6 Then shall we know as we are known, Their praise and homage meet; With rapturous awe adore their King, And worship at his feet.
 - And in that world above Forever sing around the throne His everlasting love.







2. A - wake ye, awake! no time now for reposing, "The Lord is near!" breaks 3. Night soon will be o'er, and endless day appearing. Away from home no

4. O, come, come a-way! my Saviour in thy glory, "Thy kingdom come, thy

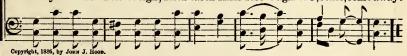




forth forbear, O, come, come a-way! Come, come our holy joys renew, Where on the ear, O, come, come away! Come, come where Jesus' love will be, Who more we'll roam, O, come, come away! And when the trump of God shall sound The will be done;" O, come, come away! O, come, my Lord, thy right maintain, And



love and heav'nly friendship grew, The Spirit welcomes you! O,come,come away! says," I'll meet with two or three," Sweet promise made to thee, O,come,come away! saints no more by Death are bound: He owns our Jesus crown'd; O,come,come away! take thy throne and on it reign; Then earth shall bloom again! O,come,come away!



215 C. WESLEY.

Arise, My Soul, Arise.

Tune above.

1 Arise, my soul, arise;
Shake off thy guilty fears;
The bleeding Sacrifice
In my behalf appears:
Before the throne my Surety stands,
My name is written on his hands.

2 He ever lives above,
For me to intercede;
His all-redeeming love,
His precious blood to plead;
His blood atoned for all our race,
And sprinkles now the throne of grace.

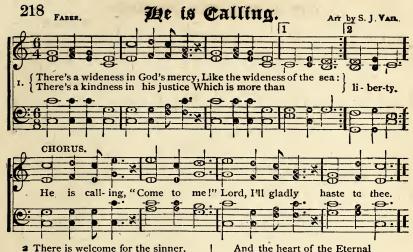
3 Five bleeding wounds he bears, Received on Calvary; They pour effectual prayers, They strongly plead for me:
"Forgive him, O forgive," they cry,
"Nor let that ransomed sinner die."

His dear anointed One:
He cannot turn away
The presence of his Son:
His Spirit answers to the blood,
And tells me I am born of God.

4 The Father hears him pray,

5 My God is reconciled;
His pardoning voice I hear:
He owns me for his child;
I can no longer fear:
With confidence I now draw nigh,
And, "Father, Abba, Father," cry.





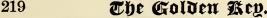
There is healing in his blood. 3 For the love of God is broader Than the measure of man's mind;

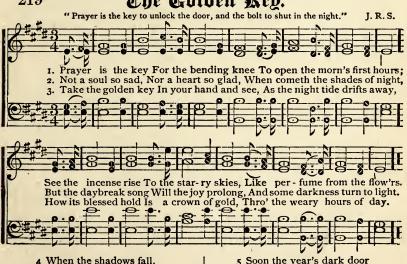
And more graces for the good;

Tnere is mercy with the Saviour;

And the heart of the Eternal Is most wonderful and kind.

4 If our love were but more simple, We should take him at his word; And our lives would be all sunshine In the sweetness of our Lord.





And the vesper call

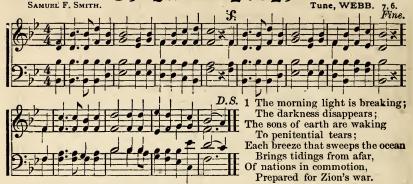
Is sobbing its low refrain, 'Tis a garland sweet To the toil dent feet, And an antidote for pain.

5 Soon the year's dark door Shall be shut no more:

Life's tears shall be wiped away As the pearl gates swing, And the gold harps ring,

And the sun unsheathe for aye. O Ø O O O O O DO RE MI FA SO LA





2 See heathen nations bending
Before the God we love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above;
While sinners, now confessing,
The gospel call obey,

And seek the Saviour's blessing, A nation in a day. 3 Blest river of salvation,
Pursue thine onward way;
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay:
Stay not till all the lowly
Triumphant reach their home:
Stay not till all the holy
Proclaim, "The Lord is come!"

221 Geo. Duffield, Jr. Stand up, stand up for Jesus.

Tune above.

1 STAND up, stand up for Jesus, Ye soldiers of the cross; Lift high his royal banner, It must not suffer loss; From victory unto victory His army shall he lead Till every foe is vanquished And Christ is Lord indeed.

2 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
The trumpet call obey;
Forth to the mighty conflict,
In this his glorious day:
"Ye that are men, now serve him,"
Against unnumbered foes:
Your courage rise with danger.

3 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
Stand in his strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you;
Ye dare not trust your own:
Put on the gospel armor,
Each piece put on with prayer;
Where duty calls, or danger,

4 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song:
To him that overcometh,
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of glory
Shall reign eternally.

Be never wanting there.



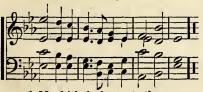
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3 Though num'rous hosts of mighty foes, Though earth and hell my way oppose, He safely leads my soul along, His loving-kindness, oh, how strong!

4 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud, Has gathered thick, and thundered loud, He near my soul has always stood, His loving-kindness, oh, how good!





- 1 My faith looks up to thee,
 Thou Lamb of Calvary,
 Saviour divine!
 Now hear me while I pray;
 Take all my guilt away;
 Oh, let me from this day
 Be wholly thine!
- 2 May thy rich grace impart Strength to my fainting heart, My zeal inspire!

As thou hast died for me,
Oh, may my love to thee.
Pure, warm, amd changeless be—
A living fire!

- 3 While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs around me spread, Be thou my guide; Bid darkness turn to day, Wipe sorrow's tears away, Nor let me ever stray / From thee aside./
- 4 When ends life's transient dream, When death's cold sullen stream Shall o'er me roll, Blest Saviour! then, in love, Fear and distrust remove; Oh, bear me safe above—
 A ransomed soul!



- 2 O happy bond, that seals my vows To him who merits all my love! Let cheerful anthems fill his house, While to that sacred shrine I move.
- 4 Now rest, my long-divided heart; Fixed on this blissful center, rest; Nor ever from thy Lord depart:

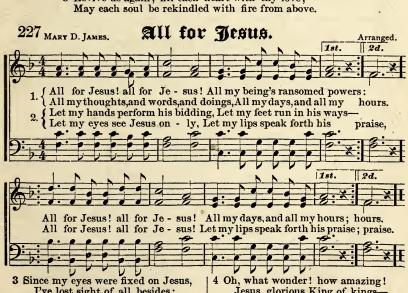


And trusting him I fear no ill, -He came to save me.

- To him my heart looks up and sings, He came to save me.



- 2 We praise thee, O God! for thy Spirit of light, Who has shown us our Saviour and scattered our night.
- 3 All glory and praise to the Lamb that was slain, Who has borne all our sins, and has cleansed every stain.
- 4 All glory and praise to the God of all grace, Who has bought us, and sought us, and guided our ways.
- 5 Revive us again; fill each heart with thy love;



I've lost sight of all besides; So enchained my spirit's vision, Looking at the Crucified. : All for Jesus! all for Jesus! Looking at the Crucified.:

Jesus, glorious King of kings-Deigns to call me his beloved, Lets me rest beneath his wings. : All for Jesus! all for Jesus! Resting now beneath his wings!:

Antioch. C. M.



228 0 for a thousand tongues.

- O FOR a thousand tongues, to sing My great Redeemer's praise;
 The glories of my God and King, The triumphs of his grace!
- 2 My gracious Master and my God, Assist me to proclaim, To spread through all the earth abroad, The honors of thy name.
- 3 Jesus! the name that charms our fears, That bids our sorrows cease; 'Tis music in the sinner's ears, 'Tis life, and health, and peace.
- 4 He breaks the power of canceled sin, He sets the prisoner free; His blood can make the foulest clean; His blood availed for me.
- 5 He speaks, and, listening to his voice, New life the dead receive; The mournful, broken hearts rejoice; The humble poor believe.

6 Hear him, ye deaf; his praise, ye dumb, Your loosened tongues employ; Ye blind, behold your Saviour come; And leap, ye lame, for joy.

230 Joy to the world!

- I Joy to the world! the Lord is come; Let earth receive her King; Let every heart prepare him room, And heaven and nature sing.
- 2 Joy to the world! the Saviour reigns; Let men their songs employ; While fields and floods, rocks, hills and Repeat the sounding joy. [plains,
- 3 No more let sin and sorrow grow, Nor thorns infest the ground; He comes to make his blessings flow Far as the curse is found.
- 4 He rules the world with truth and grace, And makes the nations prove The glories of his righteousness, And wonders of his love.

229 Evils of Intemperance. Tune, BOYLSTON.

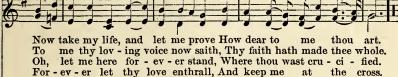
- 1 MOURN for the thousands slain, The youthful and the strong; Mourn for the wine-cup's fearful reign, And the deluded throng.
- 2 Mourn for the ruined soul— Eternal life and light Lost by the fiery, maddening bowl, And turned to hopeless night.
- 3 Mourn for the lost,—but call, Call to the strong, the free; Rouse them to shun that dreadful fall, And to the refuge flee.
- 4 Mourn for the lost,—but pray,
 Pray to our God above,
 To break the fell destroyer's sway,
 And show his saving love.

231 What Ruin! Tune, EVAN.

- r What ruin hath intemperance wrought!
 How widely roll its waves!
 How many myriads hath it brought
 To fill dishonored graves!
- 2 And see, O Lord, what numbers still Are maddened by the bowl, Led captive at the tyrant's will
- In bondage, heart and soul.

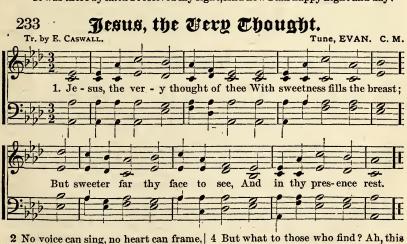
 3 Stretch forth thy hand, O God, our King,
 - And break the galling chain; Deliverance to the captive bring, And end the usurper's reign.
- 4 The cause of temperance is thine own; Our plans and efforts bless; We trust, O Lord, in thee alone To crown them with success.





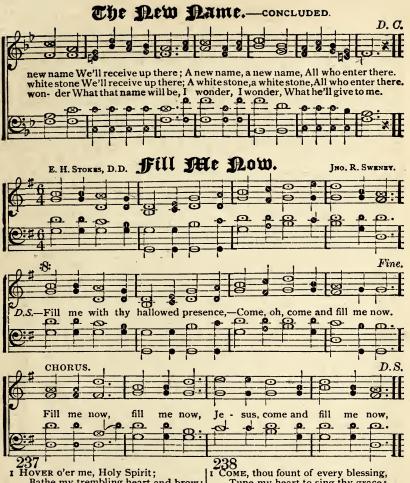


It was there by faith I received my sight, And now I am happy night and day!



- 2 No voice can sing, no heart can frame Nor can the memory find
 - A sweeter sound than Jesus' name, The Saviour of mankind.
- 3 O Hope of every contrite heart, O Joy of all the meek.
 - To those who ask, how kind thou art! How good, to those who seek!
- Nor tongue nor pen can show:
 The love of Jesus, what it is,
- None but his loved ones know. 5 Jesus, our only joy be thou,
 - As thou our prize wilt be; In thee be all our glory now, And through eternity.





Bathe my trembling heart and brow: Fill me with thy hallowed presence, Come, oh, come and fill me now.

2 Thou can'st fill me, gracious Spirit, Though I cannot tell thee how; But I need thee, greatly need thee; Come, oh, come and fill me now.

3 I am weakness, full of weakness; At thy sacred feet I bow: Blest, divine, eternal Spirit, Fill with power, and fill me.

4 Cleanse and comfort, bless and save me; 4 Jesus sought me when a stranger, Bathe, oh, bathe my heart and brow; Thou art comforting and saving, Thou art sweetly filling now.

- Tune my heart to sing thy grace; Streams of mercy never ceasing, Call for songs of loudest praise.
- 2 Teach me some melodious sonnet, Sung by flaming tongues above: Praise the mount—I'm fixed upon it— Mount of thy redeeming love!
- 3 Here I'll raise mine Ebenezer; Hither by thy help I'm come; And I hope by thy good pleasure, Safely to arrive at home,
 - Wandering from the fold of God; He, to rescue me from danger, Interposed his precious blood.

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